THE

RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
HOR.

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THE RAMBLER.

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Quo Virtus, quo ferat Error. HOR.

AS any action or poſture long continued, will diſtort and diſfigure the limbs; ſo the mind likewiſe is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the ſame ſet of ideas. It is eaſy to gueſs the trade of an artizan by his knees, his fingers, or his ſhoulders; and there are few among men of the more liberal profeſſions, whoſe minds do not carry the brand of their calling, or whoſe converſation does not quickly diſcover to what claſs of the community they belong.

THESE peculiarities have been of great uſe, in the general hoſtility which every part of mankind exerciſes againſt the reſt, to furniſh

niſh inſults and ſarcaſms. Every art has its dialect, uncouth and ungrateful to all whom cuſtom has not reconciled to its ſound, and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a ſlight miſapplication, or unneceſſary repetition.

THE general reproach with which ignorance revenges the ſuperciliouſneſs of learning, is that of pedantry; a cenſure which every man incurs, who has at any time the misfortune to talk to thoſe who cannot underſtand him, and by which the modeſt and timorous are ſometimes frighted from the diſplay of their acquiſitions, and the exertion of their powers.

THE name of a pedant is ſo formidable to young men when they firſt ſally from their colleges, and is ſo liberally ſcattered by thoſe who mean to boaſt their elegance of education, eaſineſs of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it ſeems to require particular conſideration; ſince perhaps if it were once underſtood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehenſions, and many a tongue delivered from reſtraint.

PEDANTRY

PEDANTRY is the unſeaſonable oſtentation of learning. It may be diſcovered either in the choice of a ſubject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry, who, when he has made himſelf maſter of ſome abſtruſe and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and diſcoveries upon thoſe whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applauſe.

To this error the ſtudent is ſometimes betrayed, by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleaſure which every man receives from the recollection of pleaſing images, and the deſire of dwelling upon topicks, on which he knows himſelf able to ſpeak with juſtneſs. But, becauſe we are ſeldom ſo far prejudiced in favour of each other as to ſearch out for palliations of failings, this deviation from politeneſs is imputed always to vanity; and the harmleſs collegiate, who, perhaps, intended entertainment and inſtruction, or at worſt only ſpoke without ſufficient reflection upon the character of his

hearers, is commonly cenſured as arrogant or overbearing, and eager to extend the reputation of his own accompliſhments, in contempt of the convenience of ſociety, and the laws of converſation.

All diſcourſe of which others cannot partake, is not only an irkſome uſurpation of the time devoted to pleaſure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen reſentment, an inſolent aſſertion of ſuperiority, and a triumph over leſs enlightened underſtandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with wearineſs, but malignity; and thoſe who conceive themſelves inſulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciouſly it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, and recommend themſelves more effectually to the gay world, ſcholars ſometimes diveſt themſelves with too much haſte of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their ſtile to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they underſtand, and ſink into

into inſipidity of ſentiment and meanneſs of expreſſion.

THERE prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of ſcience is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore whoever deſires to be well received in female aſſemblies, muſt qualify himſelf by a total rejection of all that is ſerious, rational, or important; muſt conſider argument or criticiſm as perpetually interdicted; and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

STUDENTS often form their notions of the preſent generation from the writings of the paſt, and are not very early informed of thoſe changes which the gradual diffuſion of knowledge, or the ſudden caprice of faſhion produces in the world. Whatever might be the ſtate of female literature in the laſt century, there is now no longer any danger leſt the ſcholar ſhould want an adequate audience at the tea-table, and whoever thinks it neceſſary to regulate his converſation by antiquated

rules, will be rather deſpiſed for his futility than careſſed for his politeneſs.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehenſion of thoſe whom we addreſs, is unqueſtionable pedantry; but ſurely complaiſance requires, that no man ſhould, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the higheſt elevation of his fancy, or the utmoſt extent of his knowledge. It is always ſafer to err in favour of others than of ourſelves, and therefore we ſeldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at leaſt to be the care of learning when ſhe quits her exaltation, to deſcend with dignity. Nothing is more deſpicable than the airineſs and jocularity of a man bred to ſevere ſcience, and ſolitary meditation. To trifle agreeably, is a ſecret which ſchools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity, which charm down reſiſtance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who having ſpent his firſt years among the duſt of libraries, enters late into the living world with an unpliant attention and eſtabliſhed habits.

It is obſerved in the panegyrick on *Fabricius* the mechaniſt, that, though forced by publick employments into mingled converſation, he never loſt the modeſty and ſerioufneſs of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himſelf by an affected imitation of faſhionable life. To the ſame praiſe every man devoted to learning ought to aſpire. If he attempts the ſofter arts of pleaſing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the inſinuating accent and the general ſmile, he will loſe the reſpect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing nothing with elegance and facility.

THEOPHRASTUS was diſcovered not to be a native of *Athens*, by ſo ſtrict an adherence to the *Attic* dialect as ſhewed that he had learned it not by cuſtom but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the defects of his education, by an unneceſſary anxiety of behaviour. It is poſſible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troubleſome by ill-

timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more juſtly cenſurable, than his who is always labouring to level his thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowneſs of converſe inclines him to think unuſual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under viſible reſtraint; is ſolicitous to anticipate enquiries by needleſs explanations; and endeavours to ſhade his own abilities, leſt weak eyes ſhould be dazzled with their luſtre.

NUMB. 174. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 15, 1751.

Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico.

HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

THE laws of ſocial benevolence require, that every man ſhould endeavour to aſſiſt others by his experience. He that has

at

at laſt eſcaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the guſts of oppoſition, ought to make ſome improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been daſhed, and the ſhallows where he has been ſtranded.

THE error into which I was betrayed, when cuſtom firſt gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the ſprightly, the fearleſs and the gay; to all whoſe ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their deſigns, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who ſeldom count the coſt of pleaſure, or examine the diſtant conſequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I CAME forth into the crouded world with the uſual juvenile ambition, and deſired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I conſidered as below my care; for I ſaw ſuch multitudes grow rich without underſtanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquiſition eaſy to induſtry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aſide as a ſecondary convenience, to be procured when my

principal wiſh ſhould be ſatisfied, and my claim to intellectual excellence univerſally acknowledged.

With this view, I regulated my behaviour in publick, and exerciſed my meditations in ſolitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topicks for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I ſoon found, that wit like every other power, has its boundaries; that its ſucceſs depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impreſſions; and that as ſome bodies, indiſſoluble by heat, can ſet the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of ſentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myſelf with a ſet of companions, who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was neceſſary than the power of ſtriking out a jeſt. Among thoſe, I fixed my reſidence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of diſturbing the neighbours every night, with the

the obſtreperous applauſe which my ſallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increaſed, and as my ſlights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new ſolicitations for admiſſion into our ſociety.

To ſupport this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourſe, cultivated the acquaintance of all the faſhionable race, and paſſed the day in a continual ſucceſſion of viſits, in which I collected a treaſure of pleaſantry for the expences of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could diſcover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could obſerve, whatever weakneſs was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapſe was ſuffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diverſion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to ſignalize themſelves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the enſuing day, with ſcandal and vexation, with merriment and ſhame.

I CAN ſcarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been ſo far

deluded with trivial praiſe, as to divulge the ſecrets of conſultation, and to expoſe the levities of frankneſs; to waylay the walks of the cautious, and ſurprize the ſecurity of the thoughtleſs. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing but with deſign to tell it, and ſaw nothing with any other curioſity than after ſome failure that might furniſh out a jeſt.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity, or intereſted inſidiouſneſs. I had no other purpoſe than to heighten the pleaſure of laughter by communication, nor ever raiſed any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakneſs and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myſelf with their perplexities and diſtreſſes; and violated every law of friendſhip with no other hope, than that of gaining the reputation of ſmartneſs and waggery.

I would not be underſtood to charge myſelf with any crimes of the atrocious or deſtructive kind. I never betrayed an heir to gameſters, or a girl to debauchees, never intercepted the kindneſs of a patron, or ſported away

away the reputation of innocence. My delight was only in petty miſchief, and momentary vexations; and my acuteneſs was employed not upon fraud and oppreſſion which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmleſs ignorance or abſurdity, prejudice or miſtake.

THIS enquiry I purſued with ſo much diligence and ſagacity, that I was able to relate of every man whom I knew ſome blunder or miſcarriage; to betray the moſt circumſpect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant paſſion; or expoſe him to contempt, by placing him in circumſtances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

THE power had been poſſeſſed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my cuſtom to let any arts of jocularity remain unemployed. My impatience of applauſe brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I ſeldom failed to lay a ſcheme

ſcheme with the ſmall knot that firſt gathered round me, by which ſome of thoſe whom we expected might be made ſubſervient to our ſport. Every man has ſome favourite topick of converſation, on which, by a feigned ſeriouſneſs of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has ſome habitual contortion of body, or eſtabliſhed mode of expreſſion, which never fails to raiſe mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By premonitions of theſe particularities I ſecured our pleaſantry. Our companion entered with his uſual gaiety, and began to partake of our noiſy chearfulneſs, when the converſation was imperceptibly diverted to a ſubject which preſſed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected ſhrug, the cuſtomary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burſt from all that were admitted to the ſtratagem. Our mirth was often encreaſed by the triumph of him that occaſioned it; for as we do not haſtily form concluſions againſt ourſelves, ſeldom any one ſuſpected, that he had exhilarated us otherwiſe than by his wit.

You will hear I believe with very little ſurprize, that by this conduct I had in a ſhort time united mankind againſt me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I ſoon perceived myſelf regarded with malevolence or diſtruſt, but wondered what had been diſcovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of thoſe attempts which provoke the jealouſy of ambition, or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh, and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who careſſed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he who in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would conſider in a cooler hour, that the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; or that, even where there is no ſenſe of danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who by general cenſures lays claim to general ſuperiority.

I WAS

I WAS convinced by a total deſertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found ſilence and dejection, coldneſs and terror. No one would venture to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould lay himſelf open to unfavourable repreſentations; the company however numerous dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the ſhame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

IF thoſe whom I had thus offended, could have contented themſelves with repaying one inſult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of ſarcaſms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But theſe wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they ſpread by their ſolicitude to eſcape me, excludes me from all friendſhip and from all pleaſure: I am condemned to paſs a long interval of my life in ſolitude, as a man ſuſpected of infection is refuſed admiſſion into cities; and muſt linger in

in obſcurity, till my conduct ſhall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard.

I am, &c.

DICACULUS.

NUMB. 175. TUESDAY, *Nov.* 19, 1751.

Rari quippe boni, numero vix ſunt totidem quot Thebarum *portæ, vel divitis oſtia* Nili.

JUV.

NONE of the axioms of wiſdom which recommend the ancient ſages to veneration, ſeems to have required leſs extent of knowledge or perſpicacity of penetration than the remark of *Bias*, that οἱ πλέονες κακοὶ, *the majority are wicked.*

THE depravity of mankind is ſo eaſily diſcoverable, that nothing but the deſert or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes uncalled and undeſired. They whom their abſtraction from common

common occurrences hinders from ſeeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn its corruption in his cloſet. For what are treatiſes of morality, but perſuaſives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be neceſſary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of hiſtory, but narratives of ſucceſſive villanies, of treaſons and uſurpations, maſſacres and wars?

BUT, perhaps, the excellence of aphoriſms conſiſts not ſo much in the expreſſion of ſome rare or abſtruſe ſentiment, as in the comprehenſion of ſome obvious and uſeful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into error and folly, not becauſe the true principles of action are not known, but becauſe, for a time, they are not remembered; and he may therefore be juſtly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into ſhort ſentences, that may be eaſily impreſſed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

HOWEVER

However thoſe who have paſſed through half the life of man, may now wonder that any ſhould require to be cautioned againſt corruption, they will find, that they have themſelves purchaſed their conviction by many diſappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have ſpared them; and may ſee on every ſide ſome intangling themſelves in perplexities, and ſome ſinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of *Bias*.

Every day ſends out, in queſt of pleaſure and diſtinction, ſome heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a ſpirit unacquainted with ſuperiors, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by oppoſition, alarmed by fraud, or imbittered by cruelty. He loves all, becauſe he imagines himſelf the univerſal favourite. Every exchange of ſalutation produces new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendſhip.

Every ſeaſon brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only

only of their own charms, and imagine that the heart feels no paſſion but that of love. They are ſoon ſurrounded by admirers whom they credit, becauſe they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon them is a lover; and whoever forces a ſigh, is pining in deſpair.

He ſurely is an uſeful monitor, who inculcates to theſe thoughtleſs ſtrangers, that the *majority are wicked*; who informs them, that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the ſcent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all thoſe who croud about them with profeſſions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for ſome opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himſelf by their deſtruction, or to ſhare their ſpoils with a ſtronger ſavage.

Virtue preſented ſingly to the imagination or the reaſon, is ſo well recommended by its own graces, and ſo ſtrongly ſupported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any can be bad; and they who are yet ignorant of the force of paſſion and intereſt, who never obſerved the arts of ſeduction, the contagion

tagion of example, the gradual deſcent from one crime to another, or the inſenſible depravation of the principles by looſe converſation, naturally expect to find integrity in every boſom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impoſſible not to hear from thoſe who have lived longer, of wrongs and falſhoods, of violence and circumvention; but ſuch narratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peeviſhneſs, or the dreams of dotage; and notwithſtanding all the documents of hoary wiſdom, we commonly plunge into the world fearleſs and credulous, without any foreſight of danger, or apprehenſion of deceit.

I have remarked in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and that he who is ſpontaneouſly ſuſpicious, may be juſtly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of diſhoneſty by information, nor had time to obſerve it with his own eyes, whence can he take his meaſures of judgment but from himſelf?

They,

THEY who beſt deſerve to eſcape the ſnares of artifice, are moſt likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live for the good of others, muſt always be expoſed to the arts of them who live only for themſelves, unleſs he is taught by timely precepts the caution required in common tranſactions, and ſhown at a diſtance the pitfals of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it ſhould be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reſerve, in expectation of general fidelity and juſtice, is to laucnh on the wide ocean without the inſtruments of ſteerage, and to hope, that every wind will be proſperous, and that every coaſt will afford a harbour.

To ennumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the deſires that prevail among the ſons of men; ſince there is no ambition however petty, no wiſh however abſurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almoſt profeſſedly regulate all their conduct

duct by their love of money; who have no reaſon for action or forbearance, for compliance or refuſal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. Theſe are indeed the meaneſt and crueleſt of human beings, a race with whom, as with ſome peſtiferous animals, the whole creation ſeems to be at war; but who, however deteſted or ſcorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary are ſtill permitted to faſten on another.

OTHERS, yet leſs rationally wicked, paſs their lives in miſchief becauſe they cannot bear the ſight of ſucceſs, and mark out every man for hatred, whoſe fame or fortune they believe encreaſing.

MANY, who have not advanced to theſe degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendſhip, and unable to maintain any conſtant or regular courſe of kindneſs. Happineſs may be deſtroyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the ſlave of intereſt, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perſeverance in whatever cauſe

cauſe diſpoſes to perſue every injury with unwearied and perpetual reſentment; with him whoſe vanity inclines him to conſider every man as a rival in every pretenſion; with him whoſe airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or ſecrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulneſs of others excuſed by his inattention to himſelf; or with him whoſe inconſtancy ranges without any ſettled rule of choice through varieties of friendſhip, and who adopts and diſmiſſes favourites by the ſudden impulſe of caprice.

THUS numerous are the difficulties to which the converſe of mankind expoſes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent diſtruſt. He therefore that remembering this ſalutary maxim learns early to withold his fondneſs from fair appearances, will have reaſon to pay ſome honours to *Bias* of *Priene*, who enabled him to become wiſe without the coſt of experience.

NUMB. 176. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 23, 1751.

-------Naſo ſuſpendere adunco. HOR.

THERE are many vexatious accidents and uneaſy ſituations which raiſe little compaſſion for the ſufferer, and which no man but thoſe whom they immediately diſtreſs, can regard with ſerioufneſs. Petty miſchiefs, that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the reſt of life, are always ſeen with a kind of malicious pleaſure. A miſtake or embarraſment, which for the preſent moment fills the face with bluſhes, and the mind with confuſion, will have no other effect upon thoſe who obſerve it than that of convulſing them with irreſiſtible laughter. Some circumſtances of miſery are ſo powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindneſs nor duty can withſtand them; they bear down love, intereſt, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent or the child, to give way to inſtantaneous motions of merriment.

AMONG the principal of comick calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author, not yet hardened into inſenſibility, feels at the onſet of a furious critick, whoſe age, rank or fortune gives him confidence to ſpeak without reſerve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections without tenderneſs or awe.

THE author, full of the importance of his work, alarmed at the danger of his character, and anxious for the juſtification of every ſyllable, ſtarts and kindles at the ſlighteſt attack; the critick, eager to eſtabliſh his ſuperiority, triumphing in every diſcovery of failure, and zealous to impreſs the cogency of his arguments, purſues him from line to line without ceſſation or remorſe. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence impetuoſity and fearleſſneſs; the author whoſe quiet and fame, and life and immortality are involved in the controverſy, tries every art of ſubterfuge and defence; maintains modeſtly what he reſolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot

cannot be maintained. The critick's purpoſe is to conquer, the author only hopes to eſcape; the critick therefore knits his brow, and raiſes his voice, and rejoyces whenever he perceives any tokens of pain excited by the preſſure of his aſſertions, or the point of his ſarcaſms. The author, whoſe endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his perſecutor, compoſes his features, and ſoftens his accent, breaks the force of aſſault by retreat, and rather ſteps aſide than flies or advances.

As it very ſeldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticiſm inflicts fatal or laſting wounds, I know not that the Laws of benevolence entitle this diſtreſs to much ſympathy. The diverſion of baiting an author has the ſanction of all ages and nations, and is more lawful than the ſport of teizing other animals, becauſe for the moſt part he comes voluntarily to the ſtake, furniſhed, as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature with reſiſtleſs weapons and impenetrable armour, with the mail of the boar of *Erymanth*, and the paws of the lion of *Nemea*.

BUT the works of genius are ſometimes produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom neceſſity or duty enforces to write, is not always ſo well ſatisfied with himſelf as not to be diſcouraged by cenſorious impudence. It may therefore be neceſſary to conſider by what meaſures they whom the publication of their names lays open to the inſults of ſuch as their obſcurity ſecures againſt repriſals, may extricate themſelves from unexpected encounters.

VIDA, a man of conſiderable ſkill in the politicks of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and even when he can irrefragably refute all objections, to ſuffer tamely the exultations of his antagoniſt.

THIS rule may perhaps be juſt, when advice is aſked and ſeverity ſolicited, becauſe no man tells his opinion ſo freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and critics ought never to be conſulted but while errors may yet be rectified or inſipidity ſuppreſſed. But when the book has once been diſmiſſed into the world, and can

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be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct ſhould not be preſcribed, and whether firmneſs and ſpirit may not ſometimes be of uſe to overpower arrogance and repel brutality. Softneſs, diffidence and moderation will often be miſtaken for imbecillity and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of eaſy victory, and it will ſoon be found that he whom every man thinks he can conquer, ſhall never be at peace.

THE animadverſions of criticks are commonly ſuch as may eaſily provoke the ſedateſt writer to ſome quickneſs of reſentment and aſperity of reply. A man who by long conſideration has familiariſed a ſubject to his own mind, carefully ſurvey'd the ſeries of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his compoſition into a regular dependance on each other, will often ſtart at the ſiniſtrous interpretations, or abſurd remarks of haſte and ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the ob-

vious ſenſe, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide againſt him.

THE eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects; the end of criticiſm is to ſupply its defects; rules are the inſtruments of mental viſion, which may indeed aſſiſt our faculties when properly uſed, but produce confuſion and obſcurity by unſkilful application.

SOME ſeem always to read with the microſcope of criticiſm, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults ſcarcely viſible to common obſervation. The diſſonance of a ſyllable, the recurrence of the ſame ſound, the repetition of a particle, the ſmalleſt deviation from propriety, the ſlighteſt defect in conſtruction or arrangement, ſwell before their eyes into enormities. As they diſcern with great exactneſs, they comprehend but a narrow compaſs, and know nothing of the juſtneſs of the deſign, the general ſpirit of the performance, the artifice of connection,

or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how ſmall a proportion that which they are buſy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the trivial inaccuracies with which they are offended, are abſorbed and loſt in general excellence.

OTHERS are furniſhed by criticiſm with a teleſcope. They ſee with great clearneſs whatever is too remote to be diſcovered by the reſt of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They diſcover in every paſſage ſome ſecret meaning, ſome remote alluſion, ſome artful allegory, or ſome occult imitation which no other reader ever ſuſpected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the contexture of narrations, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embelliſhments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally inſenſible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, and amuſe themſelves with phantoms in the clouds.

IN criticiſm, as in every other art, we fail ſometimes by our weakneſs, but more

frequently by our fault. We are ſometimes bewildered by ignorance, and ſometimes by prejudice, but we ſeldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourſelves up to the direction of vanity.

NUMB. 177. TUESDAY, *Nov.* 26, 1751.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas.

MART.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN, after the uſual time ſpent at the univerſity, I was about to enter upon the profeſſion to which my friends had deſtined me, being ſummoned by the death of my father, into the country, I found myſelf maſter of an unexpected ſum of money, and of an eſtate, which, though not large, was, in my opinion, ſufficient to ſupport me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependence, and uncertainty of any gainful occupation. I therefore, reſolved

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to devote the reſt of my life wholly to curioſity, and without any confinement of my excurſions or termination of my views, to wander over the boundleſs regions of general knowledge.

THIS ſcheme of life ſeemed pregnant with inexhauſtible variety, and therefore, I could not forbear to congratulate myſelf upon the wiſdom of my choice. I furniſh'd a large room with all conveniencies for ſtudy; collected books of every kind; quitted every ſcience at the firſt perception of diſguſt; returned to it again as ſoon as my former ardour happened to revive; and having no rival to depreſs me by compariſon, nor any critic to alarm me with objections, I ſpent day after day in profound tranquility, with only ſo much complacence in my own improvements, as ſerved to excite and animate my application.

THUS I lived for ſome years with complete acquieſcence in my own plan of conduct, riſing early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between oeconomy, exerciſe and reflection. But in time, I be-

gan to find my mind contracted and ſtiffened by ſolitude. My eaſe and elegance were ſenſibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myſelf with readineſs to the accidental current of converſation; my notions grew particular and paradoxical; and my phraſeology formal and unfaſhionable; I ſpoke, on common occaſions, the language of books. My quickneſs of apprehenſion, and celerity of reply had entirely deſerted me: When I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an unſeaſonable interrogatory, diſconcerted by any trivial objection, and overwhelmed, and loſt in dejection when the ſmalleſt advantage was gained againſt me in diſpute. I became deciſive and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, inſolent to ſuch as acknowledged my ſuperiority, and ſullen and malignant to all who refuſed to receive my dictates.

THIS I ſoon diſcovered to be one of thoſe intellectual diſeaſes which a wiſe man ſhould make haſte to cure. I therefore reſolved for a time to ſhut my books, and learn again the art

art of converſation; to defecate and clear my mind by briſker motions and ſtronger impulſes; and to unite myſelf once more to the living generation.

For this purpoſe I haſted to *London*, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances, to introduce me into ſome of the little ſocieties of literature which are formed in taverns and coffee-houſes. He was pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhewing me to his friends, and ſoon obtained me admiſſion among a ſelect company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their ſtudies and compare their acquiſitions.

The eldeſt and moſt venerable of this ſociety was *Hirſutus*, who after the firſt civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite ſtudies, by a ſevere cenſure of thoſe who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that ſince he begun to addict his mind to ſerious and manly ſtudies, he had very carefully amaſſed all the *Engliſh* books that were printed in the

the black character. This ſearch he had purſued ſo diligently, that he was able to ſhow the deficiencies of the beſt catalogues. He had long ſince completed his *Caxton*, had three ſheets of *Treveris* unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect *Pynſon* but two volumes, of which one was promiſed him as a legacy by its preſent poſſeſſor, and the other he was reſolved to buy, at whatever price, when *Quiſquilius*'s library ſhould be ſold. *Hirſutus* had no other reaſon for the valuing or ſlighting a book, than that it was printed in the *Roman* or the *Gothick* letter, nor any ideas but ſuch as his favourite volumes had ſupplied; when he was ſerious, he expatiated on the narratives of *Johan de Treviſa*, and, when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the *Shippe of Foles*.

WHILE I was liſtening to this hoary ſtudent, *Ferratus* entered in a hurry, and informed us with the abruptneſs of extaſy, that his ſet of half-pence was now complete; he had juſt received in a handful of change, the piece that he had ſo long been ſeeking, and

and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of *Engliſh* copper.

CHARTOPHYLAX then obſerved how fatally human ſagacity was ſometimes baffled, and how often the moſt valuable diſcoveries are made by chance. He had employed himſelf and his emiſſaries ſeven years at great expence, to perfect his ſeries of *Gazettes*, but had long wanted a ſingle paper, which, when he deſpaired of obtaining it, was ſent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

CANTILENUS turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he conſidered them as the genuine records of the national taſte. He offered to ſhew me a copy of *The Children in the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the firſt edition, and by the help of which, the text might be freed from ſeveral corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to ſuch favours from him.

MANY were admitted into this ſociety, as inferior members, becauſe they had collected old prints and neglected pamphlets, or poſſeſſed ſome fragment of antiquity, as the ſeal

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of an antient corporation, the charter of a religious houſe, the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of *Elizabeth*.

EVERY one of theſe virtuoſos looked on all his aſſociates as wretches of depraved taſte and narrow notions. Their converſation was, therefore, fretful and waſpiſh, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly ſarcaſtick, and their ſerioufneſs gloomy and ſuſpicious. They were totally ignorant of all that paſſes, or has lately paſſed, in the world; unable to diſcuſs any queſtion of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally ſtrangers to ſcience and politer learning, and without any wiſh to improve their minds, or any other pleaſure than that of diſplaying rarities, of which they would not ſuffer others to make the proper uſe.

HIRSUTUS graciouſly informed me, that the number of their ſociety was limited, but that I might ſometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleaſed to find myſelf in no danger of an honour, which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refuſed,

fuſed, and left them without any intention of returning, for I ſoon found, that the ſuppreſſion of thoſe habits with which I was vitiated, required aſſociation with men very different from this ſolemn race.

I am,

SIR, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation, when any thing, neceſſary or uſeful, is wantonly waſted, or negligently deſtroyed; and therefore, my correſpondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneaſineſs on the waſte of life. Leiſure and curioſity might ſoon make great advances in uſeful knowledge, were they not diverted by trivial emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, ſomewhat mollify his anger to reflect, that perhaps, none of the aſſembly which he deſcribes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his beſt, however little, is always to be diſtinguiſhed from him

him who does nothing. Whatever buſies the mind without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs, and he that is never idle will not often be vitious.

NUMB. 178. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 30, 1751.

Pars Sanitatis velle ſanari fuit.

SENECA.

PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from thoſe whom he inſtructed in philoſophy a probationary ſilence of five years. Whether this prohibition of ſpeech extended to all the parts of this time, as ſeems generally to be ſuppoſed, or was to be obſerved only in the ſchool or in the preſence of their maſter, as is more probable, it was ſufficient to diſcover the pupil's diſpoſition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of thoſe whoſe ardour was rather violent than

than laſting, and who expected to grow wiſe on other terms than thoſe of patience and obedience.

MANY of the bleſſings univerſally deſired, are very frequently wanted, becauſe moſt men, when they ſhould labour, content themſelves to complain, and rather linger in a ſtate in which they cannot be at reſt, than improve their condition by vigour and reſolution.

PROVIDENCE has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has ſet different gratifications at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the buſineſs of every rational being to underſtand, that life may not paſs away in an attempt to make contradictions conſiſtent, to combine oppoſite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being muſt always keep aſunder.

OF two objects tempting at a diſtance on contrary ſides it is impoſſible to approach one but

but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects, they may be both loſt, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, neceſſary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reaſon directs us to reject. This is more neceſſary, if that which we are forſaking has the power of delighting the ſenſes, or firing the fancy. He that once turns aſide to the allurements of unlawful pleaſure, can have no ſecurity that he ſhall ever regain the paths of virtue.

THE philoſophick goddeſs of *Boethius*, having related the ſtory of *Orpheus*, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, loſt her again by looking back upon her in the confines of of light, concludes, with a very elegant and forcible application, *Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of Heaven, conſider yourſelves as repreſented in this fable; for he that is once ſo far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal*

infernal caverns, loſes at the firſt ſight all that influence which attracted him on high.

Vos hæc fabula reſpicit,
Quicunque in ſuperum diem
Mentem ducere quæritis.
Nam qui *Tartareum* in ſpecus
Victus lumina flexerit,
Quidquid præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It may be obſerved in general, that the future is purchaſed by the preſent. It is not poſſible to ſecure diſtant or permanent happineſs but by the forbearance of ſome immediate gratification. This is ſo evidently true with regard to the whole of our exiſtence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our ſenſes but our belief; a life in which pleaſures are to be refuſed for fear of inviſible puniſhments, and calamities ſometimes to be ſought and always endured in hope of rewards that ſhall be obtained in another ſtate.

EVEN if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleaſure, but by anticipating ſome of the ſatisfaction which ſhould exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may ſpread happineſs into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requiſite to make it perennial is exhauſted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and ſterility.

THE reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is inſenſible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty, but every day ſhews us thoſe on whom their conviction is without effect.

KNOWLEDGE is praiſed and deſired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth; whom the faineſt invitation of pleaſure draws away from their ſtudies; to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more eligible than the uſe of books, and who are more eaſily

eaſily engaged by any converſation than ſuch as may rectify their notions or enlarge their comprehenſion.

EVERY man that has felt pain knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied. Yet who is there does not ſometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour? All aſſemblies of jollity, all places of publick entertainment exhibit examples of ſtrength waſting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it eaſy to enter a houſe in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of paſt intemperance, and part admitting diſeaſe by negligence, or ſoliciting it by luxury.

THERE is no pleaſure which men of every age and ſect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate; an entertainment ſo far removed from intellectual happineſs that ſcarcely the moſt ſhameleſs of the ſenſual herd have dared to defend it; yet even to this, the loweſt of our delights, to this, though neither quick nor laſting, is health with all its activity and ſprightlineſs daily ſacrificed; and

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for this are half the miſeries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

THE whole world is put in motion by the wiſh for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that ſuch conduct as will inevitably deſtroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, muſt generally be avoided? That he who ſpends more than he receives, muſt in time become indigent cannot be doubted; but how evident ſoever this conſequence may appear, the ſpendthrift moves in the whirl of pleaſure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and in the intoxication of gaiety grows every day poorer without any ſuch ſenſe of approaching ruin as is ſufficient to wake him into caution.

MANY complaints are made of the miſery of life; and indeed it muſt be confeſſed that we are ſubject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and ſlothful, the vigilant and heedleſs are equally afflicted. But ſurely though ſome indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable miſery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, againſt warning, againſt experience,

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he deliberately and leiſurely brings upon his own head; or to conſider himſelf as debarred from happineſs by ſuch obſtacles as reſolution may break, or dexterity may put aſide.

GREAT numbers who quarrel with their condition have wanted not the power but the will to obtain a better ſtate. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil ſufficiently to quicken averſion or invigorate deſire; they have indulged a drowſy thoughtleſſneſs or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accuſtomed themſelves to receive all that chance offered them without examination, lament at laſt that they find themſelves deceived.

NUMB. 179. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 3, 1751.

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat.

JUV.

EVERY man, ſays *Tully*, has two characters; one which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is diſtinguiſhed from brute animals; another which diſcriminates him from the reſt of his own ſpecies, and impreſſes on him a manner and temper peculiar to himſelf; this particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his buſineſs to cultivate and preſerve.

EVERY hour furniſhes ſome confirmation of *Tully*'s precept. It ſeldom happens, that any aſſembly of pleaſure is ſo happily ſelected, but that ſome one finds admiſſion, with whom the reſt are deſervedly offended; and it will appear on a cloſe inſpection, that ſcarce any man becomes eminently diſagreeable but by affectation, by a departure from his real character,

racter, and an attempt at ſomething for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

IGNORANCE or dulneſs have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give diſguſt except when they aſſume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the ſprightlineſs of wit. Aukwarkneſs and inelegance, have none of thoſe attractions by which eaſe and politeneſs take poſſeſſion of the heart; but ridicule and cenſure ſeldom riſe againſt them, unleſs they appear aſſociated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to conſciouſneſs of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itſelf is regarded with tenderneſs rather than averſion, when it does not attempt to deceive the ſight by dreſs and decoration, and to ſeize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.

HE that ſtands to contemplate the crouds that fill the ſtreets of a populous city, will ſee many paſſengers whoſe air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are

the appearances that thus powerfully excite his merriment, he will find among them neither poverty nor diſeaſe, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The diſpoſition to deriſion and inſult is awakened by the ſoftneſs of foppery, the ſwell of inſolence, the livelineſs of levity, or the ſolemnity of grandeur; by the ſprightly trip, the ſtately ſtalk, the formal ſtrut, and the lofty mein; by geſtures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been ſometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a miſtake of the means to a good end, and that the Intention with which it is practiſed is always to pleaſe. If all attempts to innovate the conſtitutional or habitual character have really proceeded from public ſpirit and from love of others, the world has hitherto been ſufficiently ungrateful, ſince no return but averſion and ſcorn has yet been made to the moſt difficult of all enterprizes, a conteſt with nature; nor has any pity been ſhown to the fatigues of labour which never ſucceeded, and the uneaſineſs of diſguiſe by which nothing was concealed.

It ſeems to be determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind that he who decks himſelf in adſcititious qualities rather purpoſes to command applauſe than impart pleaſure; and he is therefore treated as a man unreaſonably ambitious of diſtinction who uſurps a place in ſociety to which he has no right. Praiſe is ſeldom paid with willingneſs even to inconteſtable merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without deſert is repulſed with univerſal indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits thoſe excellencies which are placed at the greateſt diſtance from poſſibility of attainment. We are conſcious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to ſupply them by counterfeited excellence; nor would ſuch efforts be wholly without excuſe, were they not often excited by ornamental trifles, and uneſſential accompliſhments, which he, that thus anxiouſly ſtruggles for the reputation of poſſeſſing them, would not have been thought to want, had not his induſtry quickened obſervation.

GELASIMUS paſſed the firſt part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other converſation than that of ſcholars grave, ſtudious, and abſtracted as himſelf. He cultivated the mathematical ſciences with undefatigable diligence, diſcovered many uſeful theorems, diſcuſſed with great accuracy the reſiſtance of fluids, and, though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the firſt who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

LEARNING, when it riſes to eminence, will be obſerved in time, whatever miſts may happen to ſurround it. *Gelaſimus*, in his forty-ninth year being diſtinguiſhed by thoſe who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, was called out of his obſcurity to diſplay his acquiſitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his preſence to philoſophical aſſemblies. As he did not ſuſpect his unfitneſs for common affairs, he felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honeſty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his

his performances would be more public, and his renown farther extended; and imagined that he ſhould find his reputation univerſally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the ſame.

His merit introduced him to ſplendid tables and elegant acquaintance, but he did not find himſelf always qualified to join in the converſation. He was diſtreſſed by civilities, which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was ſometimes unluckily engaged in diſputes with ladies, with whom algebraick axioms had no great weight; and ſaw many whoſe favour and eſteem he could not but deſire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

GELASIMUS did not want penetration to diſcover that no charm was more generally irreſiſtible than that of eaſy facetiouſneſs and

flowing hilarity. He ſaw that diverſion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and ſerioufneſs were rather feared than loved, and that the grave ſcholar was a kind of imperious ally, haſtily diſmiſſed when his aſſiſtance was no longer neceſſary. He therefore came to a ſudden reſolution of throwing off thoſe cumbrous ornaments of learning, which, as he imagined, hindred his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topic of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurniſhed with any ideas but ſuch as *Pappus* and *Archimedes* had given him, he began to ſilence all enquiries with a jeſt inſtead of a ſolution, extended his face with a grin, which he miſtook for a ſmile, and in the place of a ſcientifick diſcourſe, retailed in a new language formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the newſ-paper.

LAUGHTER, he knew, was a token of alacrity, and, therefore, whatever he ſaid, or

or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he aſked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, ſtirred the fire, or filled a glaſs, removed his chair or ſnuffed a candle, he always found ſome occaſion to laugh. The jeſt was indeed, generally a ſecret to all but himſelf, but his habitual confidence in his own diſcernment, hindered him from ſuſpecting any weakneſs or miſtake. He wondered that his wit was ſo little underſtood, but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees, and perſiſted all his life to ſhow by groſs buffoonery, how little the ſtrongeſt faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

NUMB. 180. SATURDAY, *Dec.* 7, 1751.

Ταῶτ εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι μάτην δ' Επίκουρον ἔασον
Πῶ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες.

AUTOMEDON.

IT is ſomewhere related by *Le Clerc*, that a wealthy trader of good underſtanding, having the common ambition to breed his ſon a ſcholar, carried him to an univerſity, reſolving to make uſe of his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the neareſt way to the heart of an academick, and ſoon after his arrival opened his purſe with ſo little reſerve, and entertained all who came about him with ſuch profuſion of plenty, that the profeſſors were lured by the ſmell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the importunity of aukward complaiſance. This eagerneſs completely anſwered the merchant's purpoſe; he glutted them with delicacies, cheared them with wine, and ſoftened them with careſſes, till

by

by degrees, he prevailed upon one after another to open his boſom, and make a full diſcovery of his competitions, jealouſies, and reſentments. After having thus learned each man's character, partly from himſelf, and partly from his acquaintances, he at laſt reſolved to find ſome other method of educating his ſon, and went away fully convinced, that a ſcholaſtic life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the underſtanding. Nor could he afterwards hear with patience the praiſes of the ancient authors, being perſuaded that ſcholars of all ages muſt have been the ſame, and that *Xenophon* and *Cicero* were nothing more than profeſſors of ſome former univerſity, and were therefore mean and ſelfiſh, ignorant and ſervile, like thoſe whom he had lately viſited and forſaken.

Envy, curioſity, and our ſenſe of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate, inclines us always to eſtimate the advantages which are in the poſſeſſion of others above their real value. Every one muſt have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man

of ſcience is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occaſions where literature is of no uſe, and among weak minds, loſes part of his reverence by diſcovering no ſuperiority in thoſe parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progreſs to the remoter provinces, the ruſticks are ſaid ſometimes to wonder that they find him of the ſame ſize with themſelves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be ſatisfied, and therefore, many of the imputations which learning ſuffers from diſappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are ſome failures to which men of ſtudy are peculiarly expoſed. Every condition has its diſadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moſt active and diligent intellect, and while ſcience is perſued with ardour, other accompliſhments of equal uſe, are neceſſarily neglected; as a ſmall garriſon muſt leave one part of an extenſive fortreſs naked when an alarm calls them to another.

THE learned, however, might generally ſupport their dignity with more ſucceſs, if they ſuffered not themſelves to be miſled by the deſire of ſuperfluous attainments, of qualification which few can underſtand or value, and of ſkill which they may ſink into the grave without any conſpicuous opportunities of exerting. *Raphael* in return to *Adam*'s enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations, and inſtead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects, the ſurvey of his own life, the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of duties which muſt daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

THIS angelick counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf wholly to retired ſtudy, naturally ſinks from omiſſion to forgetfulneſs of ſocial duties, from which he muſt be ſometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I AM

I AM far from any intention to limit curiosity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and neceſſary uſe. It is only from the various eſſays of experimental induſtry, and the vague excurſions of minds ſent out upon diſcovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected; and though many muſt be diſappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having ſpent their time in vain; their example contributed to inſpire emulation, and their miſcarriages taught others the way to ſucceſs.

BUT the diſtant hope of being one day uſeful or eminent, ought not to miſlead us too far from that knowledge, which is equally requiſite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obſcure; the art of moderating the deſires, of repreſſing the appetites, and of conciliating, or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the conduct of his own life unworthy his attention; yet among the ſons of learning many may be found who ſeem to have thought of every thing rather than

than of themſelves, and have never condeſcended to obſerve what paſſes daily before their eyes: Many who toil through the intricacy of complicated ſyſtems, but are inſuperably embarraſſed with the leaſt perplexity in common affairs; and while they compare the actions, and aſcertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and ſuffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without reſiſtance or detection.

One of the moſt frequent reproaches of the ſcholaſtick race is the want of fortitude, of fortitude not martial but philoſophick. Men bred in ſhades and ſilence, taught to immure themſelves at ſunſet, and accuſtomed to no other weapon than ſyllogiſm, may be allowed to feel terror at perſonal danger, and to be diſconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why ſhould he whoſe life is ſpent in contemplation, and whoſe buſineſs is only to diſcover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend ſucceſsfully againſt prejudice and paſſion? To what end has he read

and

and meditated if he gives up his underſtanding to falſe appearances, and ſuffers himſelf at laſt, like the meaneſt of the vulgar, to be enſlaved by fear of evils to which only folly or vanity can expoſe him, or elated by advantages which can add nothing to a wiſe man, and to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed.

SUCH however is the ſtate of the world, that the moſt obſequious of the ſlaves of pride, the moſt raptuous of the gazers upon wealth, the moſt officious of the whiſperers of greatneſs, are collected from ſeminaries appropriated to the ſtudy of wiſdom and the contemplation of virtue, where it was intended, that appetite ſhould learn to be content with little, and that hope ſhould aſpire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

THE ſtudent, when he comes forth into the world, inſtead of congratulating himſelf upon his exemption from the errors and failures to which he ſees thoſe liable whoſe opinions have been

been formed by accident or cuſtom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haſte to ſhake from him all that diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of mankind, to mingle on equal terms with the multitude, and ſhew his ſprightlineſs and ductility by an expeditious compliance with faſhions, pleaſures, or vices. The firſt ſmile of a man whoſe rank or fortune gives him power to reward his dependents commonly enchants him beyond reſiſtance; the glare of equipage, the ſweets of luxury, the liberality of general promiſes, the ſoftneſs of habitual affability, ſtrike his ſenſes and fill his imagination; and he ſoon ceaſes to have any other wiſh than to be well received, or any meaſure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A MAN flattered and obeyed, ſoon learns to exact groſſer adulation, and enjoin lower ſubmiſſion. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little inſolence; a man cannot grow proud to any great degree, but by the concurrence

currence of blandiſhment or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch that would ſhrink and crouch before thoſe that ſhould dart their eyes upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, quickly becomes capricious and tyrannical when he ſees himſelf approached with a downcaſt look, and hears the ſoft addreſs of awe and ſervility. To the folly of thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favour and preferment by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed that general haughtineſs of power that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmneſs and integrity.

If inſtead of wandering after the meteors of philoſophy which fill the world with ſplendor for a while, and then ſink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning would fix their eyes only upon the permanent and immutable luſtre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to honour and happineſs. A little plauſibility of diſcourſe, and a little acquaintance with unneceſſary ſpeculations, is dearly purchaſed when it excludes thoſe inſtructions which fortify the heart with reſolution and exalt the ſpirit to independence.

NUMB. 181. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 10, 1751.

------- *Neu fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.*

HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS I have paſſed much of my life in diſquiet and ſuſpenſe, and loſt many opportunities of advantage by a paſſion which I have reaſon to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myſelf well qualified to warn thoſe who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themſelves within its influence.

I SERVED an apprenticeſhip to a linen-draper with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a ſhop for myſelf with a large ſtock, and ſuch credit among all the merchants who were acquainted with my maſter that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable.

valuable. For five years I proceeded with ſucceſs proportionate to cloſe application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every ſale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced ſo faſt in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this courſe of even proſperity, I was one day perſuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The ſum was inconſiderable, the greater part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my eſtabliſhed maxims of frugality did not reſtrain me from ſo trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almoſt forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then ſeem of any importance, till I diſcovered by the publick papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of ſuch an approach to ſudden riches, which I conſidered myſelf,

myſelf, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having miſſed by a ſingle chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the conſequences which ſuch a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees took poſſeſſion of my imagination. The great delight of my ſolitary hours was to purchaſe an eſtate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I ſpoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now ſo heated my imagination with the proſpect of a prize, that I ſhould have preſſed among the firſt purchaſers, had not my ardour been with-held by deliberation upon the probability of ſucceſs from one ticket rather than another. I heſitated long between even and odd; conſidered the ſquare and cubick numbers through the lottery; examined all thoſe to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at laſt fixed upon one which by ſome

ſecret

ſecret relation to the events of my life I thought predeſtined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often miſchievous; the ticket was ſold, and its poſſeſſor could not be found.

I RETURNED to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognoſtication, fixed upon another chance, but with leſs confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover feel ſo much vexation from the ſlow pace of time, as I ſuffered between the purchaſe of my ticket and the diſtribution of the prizes. I ſolaced my uneaſineſs as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happineſs; when the ſun roſe I knew it would ſet, and congratulated myſelf at night that I was ſo much nearer to my wiſhes. At laſt the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and ſagacity with a deſpicable prize of fifty pounds.

MY friends, who honeſtly rejoiced upon my ſucceſs were very coldly received; I hid myſelf a fortnight in the country, that my chagrine might fume away without obſervation.

tion, and then returning to my ſhop began to liſten after another lottery.

WITH the news of a lottery I was ſoon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I reſolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers that I might not miſs the lucky claſs. Many concluſions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of thoſe tickets I might moſt reaſonably expect riches. At laſt, being unable to ſatisfy myſelf by any modes of reaſoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amuſement of throwing them in a garret, and, examining the event by an exact regiſter, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the reſt in three hundred and thirty thouſand throws.

THIS experiment was fallacious; the firſt day preſented the hopeful ticket, a deteſtable blank. The reſt came out with different fortune, and in concluſion I loſt thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I HAD now wholly changed the caſt of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The ſhop was for the moſt part abandoned to my ſervants, and, if I entered it, my thoughts were ſo engroſſed by my tickets, that I ſcarcely heard or anſwered a queſtion, but conſidered every cuſtomer as an intruder upon my meditations whom I was in haſte to diſpatch. I miſtook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away, but I perceived the decline of my buſineſs with little emotion, becauſe whatever deficiency there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to ſupply.

MISCARRIAGE naturally produces diffidence; I began now to ſeek aſſiſtance againſt ill

ill luck, by an alliance with thoſe that had been more ſucceſsful. I enquired diligently, at what office any prize had been ſold, that I might purchaſe of a propitious vender; ſolicited thoſe who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and, whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently proſperous, I invited him to take a larger ſhare. I had, by this rule of conduct, ſo diffuſed my intereſt, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a ſixteenth of ninety.

I WAITED for the deciſion of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the buſineſs of my trade with the uſual neglect. The wheel at laſt was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long ſucceſſion of ſorrows and diſappointments. I indeed often partook of a ſmall prize, and the loſs of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my deſires yet remained unſatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was ſuſpended on thoſe which

remained

remained yet undetermined. At laſt a prize of five thouſand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and enquiring the number found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among thoſe on whoſe luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a ſixteenth part.

You will eaſily judge, with what deteſtation of himſelf, a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had ſold a prize which was once in his poſſeſſion. It was to no purpoſe, that I repreſented to my mind, the impoſſibility of recalling the paſt, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foreſee, proved to be wrong. The prize which though put in my hands had been ſuffered to ſlip from me filled me with anguiſh; and knowing that complaint would only expoſe me to ridicule, I gave myſelf up ſilently to grief, and loſt by degrees my appetite and my reſt.

My indiſpoſition ſoon became viſible; I was viſited by my friends, and among them by

by *Eumathes* a clergyman whoſe piety and learning gave him ſuch an aſcendant over me, that I could not refuſe to open my heart. There are, ſaid he, few minds ſufficiently firm to be truſted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himſelf inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt poſſibility to certainty, ſhould avoid every kind of caſual adventure, ſince his grief muſt be always proportionate to his hope. You have long waſted that time, which by a proper application, would have certainly though moderately encreaſed your fortune, in a laborious and anxious perſuit of a ſpecies of gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient can ſecure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, againſt which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occaſion of committing it. Rouſe from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained you could ſcarcely have enjoyed, becauſe they could confer no conſciouſneſs of deſert; return to rational and manly induſtry, and conſider the meer gift of luck as below the care of a wiſe man.

Numb. 182. Saturday, *Dec.* 14, 1751.

--------- Dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri. Juv.

It has been obſerved in a late paper, that we are unreaſonably deſirous to ſeparate the goods of life from thoſe evils which providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wiſhes to be rich, but very few have the powers neceſſary to raiſe a ſudden fortune, by new diſcoveries, or ſuperiority of ſkill in any neceſſary employment; and among lower underſtandings many want the firmneſs and induſtry requiſite to regular gain and gradual acquiſitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than thoſe of labour, and more generally practicable than thoſe of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingneſs to ſnatch all opportunities of growing

growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the mind, is ſeldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waſte life in perpetual deluſion, and generally ends in wretchedneſs and want.

THE folly of untimely exultation and viſionary proſperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchaſers of tickets; there are multitudes whoſe life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happineſs, and how often ſoever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

AMONG the moſt reſolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered the mortals whoſe hope is to raiſe themſelves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their induſtry on the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and ſleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

ONE of the moſt indefatigable of this claſs, is my old friend *Leviculus*, whom I have never known for thirty years without ſome matrimonial project of advantage. *Leviculus*

was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his perſon, the ſprightlineſs of his prattle, and the neatneſs of his dreſs, ſo much enamoured his maſter's ſecond daughter, a girl of ſixteen, that ſhe declared her reſolution to have no other huſband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulneſs, conſented to the match, not much to the ſatisfaction of *Leviculus*, who was ſufficiently elated with his conqueſt to think himſelf entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, ſoon rid of his perplexity, for his miſtreſs died before their marriage.

LEVICULUS was ſo well ſatisfied with his own accompliſhments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter, and when his apprenticeſhip expired, inſtead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or aſſociating himſelf with thoſe who were moſt eminent for their knowledge of the ſtocks, he at once threw off the ſolemnity of the counting-houſe, equipped himſelf with a modiſh wig, liſtned to wits in coffee houſes, paſſed his evenings behind the ſcenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the laſt

laſt ſtanzas of faſhionable ſongs, talked with familiarity of high play, boaſted of his atchievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularity of bilking a taylor, and now and then let fly a ſhrewd jeſt at a ſober citizen.

THUS furniſhed with irreſiſtible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the firſt warmth of ſelf-approbation propoſed no leſs than the poſſeſſion of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to *Flavilla*, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who not being accuſtomed to amorous blandiſhments, or reſpectful addreſſes, was delighted with the novelty of love, and eaſily ſuffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where ſhe viſited. *Leviculus* did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandeſtine marriage, would ſoon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his ſon-in-law, and was in haſte to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in

uncertainty and attendance. At laſt ſhe fell in love with a young enſign at a ball, and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

LEVICULUS, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a ſmall eſtate in the country, where, after his uſual enquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with *Altilia*, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himſelf, for whoſe favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with ſuch jealous officiouſneſs, as ſcarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. *Leviculus*, nevertheleſs, diſcovered his paſſion in a letter, and *Altilia* could not withſtand the pleaſure of hearing vows and ſighs, and flatteries, and proteſtations. She admitted his viſits, enjoyed, for five years, the happineſs of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amuſed herſelf with the various ſtratagems which were practiſed to diſengage her affections. Sometimes ſhe was adviſed with great earneſtneſs to travel for her health, and ſometimes entreated to keep her brother's houſe.

houſe. Many ſtories were ſpread to the diſadvantage of *Leviculus*, by which ſhe commonly ſeemed affected for a time, but took care ſoon afterwards to expreſs her conviction of their falſhood. But being at laſt ſatiated with this ludicrous tyranny, ſhe told her lover when he preſſed for the reward of his ſervices, that ſhe was very ſenſible of his merit, but was reſolved not to impoveriſh an ancient family.

LEVICULUS then returned to the town, and ſoon after his arrival became acquainted with *Latronia*, a lady diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her oeconomy, and therefore *Leviculus* who had ſcarcely confidence to ſolicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himſelf diſtinguiſhed by her with ſuch marks of preference as a woman of modeſty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without reſentment, in time permitted him to hope for happineſs, and at laſt fixed the nup-

tial day without any diſtruſtful reſerve of pin-money, or ſordid ſtipulations for jointure, and ſettlements.

LEVICULUS was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the ſtairs the voice of *Latronia*'s maid, whom frequent bribes had ſecured in his ſervice. She ſoon burſt into his room, and told him, that ſhe could not ſuffer him to be longer deceived; that her miſtreſs was now ſpending the laſt payment of her fortune, and was only ſupported in her expence by the credit of his eſtate. *Leviculus* ſhuddered to ſee himſelf ſo near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his eſcape to the reſentment of the maid, who having aſſiſted *Latronia* to gain the conqueſt, quarrelled with her at laſt about the plunder.

LEVICULUS was now hopeleſs and diſconſolate, till one ſunday he ſaw a lady in the mall, whom her dreſs declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad reſplendence of her countenance, he gueſſed to have lately buried ſome proſperous citizen. He followed her home,

and

and found her to be no leſs than the relict of *Prune*, the grocer, who, having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his eſtates real and perſonal. No formality was neceſſary in addreſſing madam *Prune*, and therefore *Leviculus* went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; ſhe then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, aſked if he knew to whom he was talking, then ſhowed him the door, and again laughed to find him confuſed. *Leviculus* diſcovered that this coarſeneſs was nothing more than the coquetry of *Cornhill*, and next day returned to the attack. He ſoon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard without any emotion, hints of gay cloaths with empty pockets; concurred in many ſage remarks on the regard due to people of property; and agreed with her in deteſtation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He ſometimes preſumed to mention marriage; but was always anſwered with a ſlap, a hoot, and a flounce. At laſt he began to

preſs her cloſer, and thought himſelf more favourably received; but going one morning, with a reſolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring ſhop, of whom ſhe had become enamoured at her window.

In theſe, and a thouſand intermediate adventures, has *Leviculus* ſpent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and diſappointment. He begins at laſt to find, that ſucceſs is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurniſhed with any arts that might amuſe his leiſure, is condemned to wear out a taſteleſs life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

NUMB. 183. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 17, 1751.

Nulla fides regni ſociis, omniſque Poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis erat. LUCAN.

THE hoſtility perpetually exerciſed between one man and another is cauſed by the deſire of many for that which only few can poſſeſs. Every man would be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obſcurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

THIS univerſal and inceſſant competition, produces injury and malice by two motives, intereſt, and envy; the proſpect of adding to our poſſeſſions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the ſenſe of our diſparity by leſſening others, though we gain nothing to ourſelves.

OF theſe two malignant and deſtructive powers, it ſeems probable at the firſt view, that intereſt has the ſtrongeſt and moſt extenſive

tenſive influence. It is eaſy to conceive that opportunities to ſeize what has been long wanted, may excite deſires almoſt irreſiſtible; but ſurely, the ſame eagerneſs cannot be kindled by an accidental power of deſtroying that which gives happineſs to another. It muſt be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for miſchief.

YET I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by intereſt, and that moſt of the miſery which the defamation of blameleſs actions, or the obſtruction of honeſt endeavours brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propoſe no advantage to themſelves but the ſatisfaction of poiſoning the banquet which they cannot taſte, and blaſting the harveſt which they have no right to reap.

INTEREST can diffuſe itſelf but to a narrow compaſs. The number is never large of thoſe who can hope to fill the poſts of degraded power, catch the fragments of ſhattered fortune, or ſucceed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy,

has

has no limits, as it requires to its influence very little help from external circumſtances. Envy may always be produced by idleneſs and pride, and in what place will not they be found?

INTEREST requires ſome qualities not univerſally beſtowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him, who has not diſcernment to mark his advantage, courage to ſeize, and activity to purſue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quieſcent ſtate, amidſt the gloom of ſtupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of intereſt, is torn by hungry tigers; he may diſcover and reſiſt his enemies. He that periſhes in the ambuſhes of envy, is deſtroyed by unknown and inviſible aſſailants, and dies like him who is ſuffocated by a poiſonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or poſſibility of conteſt.

INTEREST is ſeldom purſued but at ſome hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly ſomething to loſe, and when he ventures to attack ſuperiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably cruſhed. But envy may

may act without expence, or danger. To ſpread ſuſpicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate ſcandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is eaſy for the author of a lye, however malignant to eſcape detection, and infamy needs very little induſtry to aſſiſt its circulation.

Envy is almoſt the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place, the only paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects therefore are every where diſcoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impoſſible to mention a name which any advantageous diſtinction has made eminent, but ſome latent animoſity will burſt out. The wealthy trader, however he may abſtract himſelf from publick affairs, will never want thoſe who hint with *Shylock*, that ſhips are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whoſe fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modeſty, provokes, whenever ſhe appears, a thouſand murmurs of detraction and whiſpers

of

of ſuſpicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleaſing images of nature, or inſtruct by unconteſted principles of ſcience, yet ſuffers perſecution from innumerable criticks, whoſe acrimony is excited merely by the pain of ſeeing others pleaſed, and of hearing applauſes which another enjoys.

THE frequency of envy makes it ſo familiar, that it eſcapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in ſome uſeful art, finds himſelf purſued by multitudes whom he never ſaw with all the implacability of perſonal reſentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let looſe upon him as a publick enemy, and incited by every ſtratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth expoſed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor thoſe artifices, at which he only laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs of life would be advanced

vanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

ENVY is, indeed, a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are, however, conſiderations, which if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it, ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

IT is above all other vices inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as can afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I HAVE hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe

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and deteſtable, ſo vile in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is to be deſired. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it, therefore, be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confeſſes his ſuperiority, and let thoſe be reformed by their pride who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe, who have given no intentional provocation; and that the ſufferer is marked out for ruin, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one

one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity, but only, that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigns him, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being.

NUMB. 184. SATURDAY, *Dec.* 21, 1751.

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, Rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.

JUV.

AS every ſcheme of life, ſo every form of writing has its advantages and inconveniencies, though not mingled in the ſame proportions. The writer of eſſays, eſcapes many embarraſſments to which a large work would have expoſed him; he ſeldom harraſſes his reaſon with long trains of conſequence, dims his eyes with the peruſal of antiquated volumes, or burthens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careleſs glance upon a favourite author, or tranſient ſurvey of the varieties of life, is generally ſufficient to ſup-

ply

ply the first hint or seminal idea, which enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter stored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy easily expanded into flowers, and sometimes ripened into fruit.

The most frequent difficulty, by which the authors of these petty compositions are distressed, arises from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a system of science lays his invention at rest, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with least fatigue. Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are established, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and episodes crouding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the story grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irksomeness of his task rather encreased than lessened by every production. The day calls afresh upon him for a new topick, and he is again obliged to choose without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is ſeldom any neceſſity of looking far, or enquiring long for a proper ſubject. Every diverſity of art or nature, every public bleſſing or calamity, every domeſtick pain or gratification, every ſally of caprice, blunder of abſurdity, or ſtratagem of affectation may ſupply matter to him whoſe only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens that plenty is the cauſe of penury; the judgment is diſtracted with boundleſs multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one deſign to another, and the hours paſs imperceptibly away till the compoſition can be no longer delayed, and neceſſity enforces the uſe of thoſe thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and ſuſpenſe, applies herſelf vigorouſly to the work before her, collects embelliſhments and illuſtrations, and ſometimes finiſhes with great elegance and happineſs what in a ſtate of eaſe and leiſure ſhe never had begun.

It is not commonly obſerved, how much, even of actions conſidered as particularly ſubject to choice is to be attributed to accident, or ſome cauſe out of our own power, by whatever,

whatever name it be diſtinguiſhed. To cloſe tedious deliberations with haſty reſolves, and after long conſultations with reaſon to refer the queſtion to caprice, is by no means peculiar to the eſſayiſt. Let him that peruſes this paper, review the ſeries of his life, and enquire how he was placed in his preſent condition. He will find that of the good or ill which he has experienced, a great part came unexpected, without any viſible gradations of approach; that every event has been influenced by cauſes acting without his intervention or concurrence; and that whenever he pretended to the prerogative of foreſight, he was mortified with new conviction of the ſhortneſs of his views.

THE buſy, the ambitious, the inconſtant, and the adventurous, may be ſaid to throw themſelves by deſign into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to quit the power of governing themſelves; they engage in a courſe of life in which little can be aſcertained by previous meaſures; the moſt enlightened wiſdom muſt be ſatisfied with ſuch obſcure conjectures, as the compariſon of probabilities will afford; nor is it any wonder that their

their time is paſt between elation and deſpondency, hope and diſappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of life with more circumſpection, and make no ſtep till they think themſelves ſecure from the hazard of a precipice; when neither pleaſure nor profit can tempt them from the beaten path; who refuſe to climb leſt they ſhould fall, or to run leſt they ſhould ſtumble, and move ſlowly forward without any compliance with thoſe paſſions by which the heady and vehement are ſeduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this judicious claſs is far from exempting them from the dominion of chance, a ſubtle and inſidious power, who will intrude upon privacy and embarraſs caution. No courſe of life is ſo preſcribed and limited, but that many actions muſt reſult from arbitrary election. Every one muſt form the general plan of his conduct by his own reflections; he muſt reſolve whether he will endeavour at riches or at content; whether he will exerciſe private or publick virtues; whether he will labour for the general benefit of mankind,

or

or contract his beneficence to his family and dependents.

THIS is a queſtion which has long exerciſed the ſchools of philoſophy, but remains yet undecided; and what hope is there that a young man, unacquainted with the arguments on either ſide, ſhould determine his own deſtiny otherwiſe than by chance.

WHEN chance has given him a partner of his bed, whom he prefers to all other women without any proof of ſuperior deſert, chance muſt again direct him in the education of his children; for who was ever able to convince himſelf by arguments, that he had choſen for his ſon that mode of inſtruction to which his underſtanding was beſt adapted, or by which he would moſt eaſily be made wiſe or virtuous?

WHOEVER ſhall enquire by what motives he was determined on theſe important occaſions, will find them ſuch, as his pride will ſcarcely ſuffer him to confeſs; ſome ſudden ardour of deſire, ſome uncertain glimpſe of advantage,

advantage, ſome trivial competition, ſome inaccurate concluſion, or ſome example implicitly reverenced. Such are often the firſt cauſes of our reſolves; for it is neceſſary to act, but impoſſible to know the conſequences of action, or to diſcuſs all the reaſons which offer themſelves on every part to inquiſitiveneſs and ſolicitude.

SINCE life itſelf is uncertain, nothing which has life for its baſis, can boaſt much ſtability. Yet this is but a ſmall part of our perplexity. We ſet out on a tempeſtuous ſea, in queſt of ſome port, where we expect to find reſt, but where we are not ſure of admiſſion; we are not only in danger of ſinking in the way, but of being miſled by meteors miſtaken for ſtars, of being driven from our courſe by the changes of the wind, and of loſing it by unſkilful ſteerage; yet it ſometimes happens, that croſs winds blow us to a ſafer coaſt, that meteors draw us aſide from whirlpools, and that negligence or error contributes to our eſcape from miſchiefs to which a direct courſe would have expoſed us. Of thoſe that by precipitate concluſions, involve themſelves in calamities, without guilt

guilt, very few however they may reproach themſelves, can be certain that other meaſures would have been more ſucceſsful.

In this ſtate of univerſal uncertainty, where a thouſand dangers hover about us, and none can tell whether the good that he purſues is not evil in diſguiſe, or whether the next ſtep will lead him to ſafety or deſtruction, nothing can afford any rational tranquility, but the conviction, that, however we amuſe ourſelves with unideal ſounds, nothing in reality is governed by chance, but that the univerſe is under the perpetual ſuperintendence of him who created it; that our being is in the hands of omnipotent goodneſs, by whom what appears caſual to us is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful; and that nothing can finally hurt him who debars not himſelf from the divine favour.

NUMB. 185. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 24, 1751.

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipſa,
Nempe hoc indocti. ———————
Chryſippus *non dicit idem, nec mite* Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique ſenex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla Cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare. ——— *Quippe minuti*
Semper, & infirmi eſt Animi, exiguique Voluptas
Ultio. JUV.

NO vitious diſpoſitions of the mind more obſtinately reſiſt both the counſels of philoſophy and the injunctions of religion, than thoſe which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot diſmiſs without leaving in the hands of oppoſition ſome advantage iniquitouſly obtained, or ſuffering from our own prejudices ſome imputation of puſillanimity.

FOR this reaſon ſcarcely any law of our redeemer is more openly tranſgreſſed, or more induſtriouſly evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits,

prohibits under the ſanction of eternal miſery, the gratification of the deſire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat againſt pride, and purſue offences to extremity of vengeance, leſt they ſhould be inſulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whoſe birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the earth*. For what would ſo ſoon deſtroy all the order of ſociety, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permiſſion to every one to judge his own cauſe, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries.

It is difficult for a man of the ſtricteſt juſtice not to favour himſelf too much in the calmeſt moments of ſolitary meditation. Every one wiſhes for the diſtinctions for which thouſands are wiſhing at the ſame time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reaſon operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of ſelf-love, preſer himſelf to his fellow beings, is very

unlikely to judge equitably when his paſſions are agitated by a ſenſe of wrong, and his attention wholly engroſſed by pain, intereſt, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himſelf the right of vengeance ſhows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, ſince he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

NOTHING is more apparent than that, however injured or however provoked, ſome muſt at laſt be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who firſt commits an injury, will contentedly acquieſce in the penalty required: the ſame haughtineſs of contempt and vehemence of deſire, that prompt the act of injuſtice, will more ſtrongly incite its juſtification: and reſentment can never ſo exactly balance the puniſhment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his firſt action will think himſelf entitled to retaliate, What then can enſue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſhable feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy.

SINCE

SINCE then the imaginary right of vengeance muſt be at laſt remitted, becauſe it is impoſſible to live in perpetual hoſtility, and equally impoſſible that of two enemies, either ſhould firſt think himſelf obliged by juſtice to ſubmiſſion, it is ſurely eligible to forgive early. Every paſſion is more eaſily ſubdued before it has been long accuſtomed to poſſeſſion of the heart; every idea is obliterated with leſs difficulty as it has been more ſlightly impreſſed, and leſs frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleaſed himſelf with ſchemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied ſupplications of humbled enmity, will not eaſily open his boſom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle ſentiments of benevolence and peace.

IT is eaſieſt to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A ſingle injury may be ſoon diſmiſſed from the memory; but a long ſucceſſion of ill offices by degrees aſſociates itſelf with every idea, a long conteſt involves ſo many circumſtances, that every place and action will recal it to the mind, and freſh

remembrance of vexation muſt ſtill enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A WISE man will make haſte to forgive, becauſe he knows the true value of time, and will not ſuffer it to paſs away in unneceſſary pain. He that willingly ſuffers the corroſions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of ſtratagem, cannot ſurely be ſaid to conſult his eaſe. Reſentment is a union of ſorrow with malignity, a combination of a paſſion which all endeavour to avoid, with a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings, among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity, nor the calm of innocence.

WHOEVER

WHOEVER conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we encreaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are on every ſide in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

FROM this pacifick and harmleſs temper, thus propitious to others and ourſelves, to domeſtick tranquility and to ſocial happineſs, no man is with-held but by pride, by the fear of being inſulted by his adverſary or deſpiſed by the world.

IT may be laid down as an unfailing and univerſal axiom, that, "all pride is abject

"and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquieſcence in a falſe appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from conſciouſneſs of our attainments but inſenſibility of our wants.

NOTHING can be great which is not right. Nothing which reaſon condemns can be ſuitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to ſuffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our reſolves, is to ſubmit tamely to the loweſt and moſt ignominious ſlavery, and to reſign the right of directing our own lives.

THE utmoſt excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a conſtant and determinate purſuit of virtue, without regard to preſent dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlaſting juſtice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perſeverance only can obtain. But that pride which many who preſume to boaſt of generous ſentiments, allow to regulate

late their meaſures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whoſe ſuperiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmoſt aſſiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not underſtand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whoſe ſentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conſcience.

He that can deſcend to bribe ſuffrages like theſe at the price of his innocence; he that can ſuffer the delight of ſuch acclamations to with-hold his attention from the commands of the univerſal ſovereign, has little reaſon to congratulate himſelf upon the greatneſs of his mind; whenever he awakes to ſerioufneſs and reflection, he muſt become deſpicable in his own eyes, and ſhrink with ſhame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is indiſpenſibly required, that he forgive. It is

therefore ſuperfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is ſuſpended, and to him that refuſes to practiſe it, the throne of mercy is inacceſſible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain.

NUMB. 186. SATURDAY, *Dec.* 28, 1751.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur Aurâ———
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR.

OF the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature, and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the *Indian* groves; nor will any precepts of philoſophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diſeaſes. But the negative

gative infelicity which proceeds, not from the preſſure of ſufferings, but the abſence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reaſon.

One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is leſs ſuperable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore, none affords more proper exerciſe for this philoſophical abſtraction. A native of *England*, pinched with the froſts of *December*, may leſſen his affection for his own country, by ſuffering his imagination to wander in the vales of *Aſia*, and ſport among woods that are always green, and ſtreams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards

towards the polar regions, and conſiders the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkneſs, and who are condemned to paſs weeks and months amidſt mountains of ſnow, he will ſoon recover his tranquility, and while he ſtirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to providence, that he is not placed in *Greenland* or *Siberia*.

THE barrenneſs of the earth, and the ſeverity of the ſkies in theſe dreary countries are ſuch as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of neceſſity and diſtreſs, ſo that the care of eſcaping death from cold and hunger, ſhould leave no room for thoſe paſſions, which, in lands of plenty, fluence conduct, or diverſify characters; but the ſummer ſhould be ſpent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the ſummer.

YET learned curioſity is known to have found its way into theſe abodes of poverty and gloom: *Lapland* and *Iceland* have their hiſtorians, their criticks, and their poets, and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity

manity can be found, perhaps exerts the ſame power in the *Greenlander*'s hut, as in the palaces of eaſtern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of *Greenland* retire together to paſs the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid who came from different parts of the country, were ſo much diſtinguiſhed for their beauty, that they were called by the reſt of the inhabitants *Anningait* and *Ajut*, from a ſuppoſed reſemblance to their anceſtors of the ſame names, who had been transformed of old into the ſun and moon.

ANNINGAIT, for ſome time heard the praiſes of *Ajut* with little emotion, but at laſt by frequent interviews became ſenſible of her charms, and firſt made a diſcovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feaſt, where he placed before *Ajut* the tail of a whale. *Ajut* ſeemed not much delighted by this gallantry, yet, however, from that time, was obſerved rarely to appear, but in a veſt made of the ſkin of a white deer; ſhe uſed frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands

hands and forehead, to adorn her ſleeves with coral and ſhells, and to braid her hair with great exactneſs.

THE elegance of her dreſs, and the judicious diſpoſition of her ornaments, had ſuch an effect upon *Anningait*, that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among other heroick and tender ſentiments he proteſted, that "She "was beautiful as the vernal willow, and "fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; "that her fingers were white as the teeth "of the morſe, and her ſmile grateful as the "diſſolution of the ice; that he would pur-"ſue her, though ſhe ſhould paſs the ſnows "of the midland cliffs, or ſeek ſhelter "in the caves of the eaſtern canibals; that "he would tear her from the embraces of "the genius of the rocks, ſnatch her from "the paws of *Amarac*, and reſcue her from "the ravine of *Hafgufa*;" he concluded with a wiſh, that, "whoever ſhall attempt to hin-"der his union with *Ajut*, might be buried "without his bow, and that in the land of "ſouls his ſkull might ſerve for no other uſe

"than

" than to catch the droppings of the ſtarry " lamps."

THIS ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that *Ajut* would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments; but *Ajut*, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected the uſual forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

ANNINGAIT and *Ajut* for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. *Anningait*, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes, and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride;

bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks; and ſtrewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt before *Anningait* had compleated his ſtore; he therefore entreated *Ajut*, that ſhe would at laſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country, whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. *Ajut* thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcenſion, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. "O virgin, "beautiful as the ſun ſhining on the water, "conſider," ſaid *Anningait*, "what thou haſt "required. How eaſily may my return be "precluded by a ſudden froſt or unexpected "fogs; then muſt the night be paſt without "my *Ajut*. We live not, my fair, in thoſe "fabled countries, which lying ſtrangers ſo "wantonly deſcribe; where the whole year "is divided into ſhort days and nights; where "the ſame habitation ſerves for ſummer and "winter; where they raiſe houſes in rows "above the ground; dwell together from

"year

" year to year, with flocks of tame animals " grazing in the fields about them; can tra- " vel at any time from one place to another " through ways encloſed with trees, or over " walls raiſed upon the inland waters; and " direct their courſe through wide countries " by the ſight of green hills or ſcattered build- " ings. Even in ſummer we have no means " of croſſing the mountains, whoſe ſnows are " never diſſolved; nor can remove to any " diſtant reſidence, but in our boats coaſting " the bays. Conſider, *Ajut*; a few ſummer " days, and a few winter nights, and the life " of man is at an end. Night is the time of " eaſe, and feſtivity, of revels and gaiety; " but what will be the flaming lamp, the de- " licious ſeal, or the ſoft oil, without the " ſmile of *Ajut*?"

THE eloquence of *Anningait* was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promiſes to meet again before the night of winter.

NUMB. 187. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 31, 1751.

Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare Labores,
Non ſi Frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque Nives Hiemis ſubeamus aquoſæ—
Omnia vincit Amor. VIRG.

ANNINGAIT, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of *Ayut*, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect, and therefore, preſented her at his departure with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five ſwans and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip, at the price of half a whale and two horns of ſea unicorns.

AYUT was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much overpowered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſeaſide, and, when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, that he might return with plenty of ſkins and oil; that neither the mermaids might ſnatch him into the deeps, nor

nor the ſpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ſtood a while to gaze upon the departing veſſel, and then returning to her hut ſilent and dejected, laid aſide, from that hour, her white deer ſkin, ſuffered her hair to ſpread unbraided on her ſhoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moſs for the winter lamps, and dried graſs to line the boots of *Anningait*. Of the ſkins which he had beſtowed upon her ſhe made a fiſhing coat, a ſmall boat, and tent, all of exquiſite manufacture, and while ſhe was thus buſied, ſolaced her labours with a ſong, in which ſhe prayed, "that her lover might "have hands ſtronger than the paws of the "bear, and feet ſwifter than the feet of "the raindeer; that his dart might never err, "and that his boat might never leak; that "he might never ſtumble on the ice, nor "faint in the water; that the ſeal might ruſh "on his harpoon, and the wounded whale "might daſh the waves in vain."

THE large boats in which the *Greenlanders* tranſport their families are always rowed by women, for a man will not debaſe himſelf by work, which requires neither ſkill nor courage. *Anningait* was therefore expoſed by idleneſs to the ravages of paſſion. He went thrice to the ſtern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and ſwim back to his miſtreſs; but recollecting the miſery which they muſt endure in the winter without oil for the lamp, or ſkins for the bed, he reſolved to employ the weeks of abſence in proviſion for a night of plenty and felicity. He then compoſed his emotions as he could, and expreſſed in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his ſorrows, and his fears. "O "life," ſays he, "frail and uncertain! where "ſhall wretched man find thy reſemblance "but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers "on high, it ſparkles from afar, while the "ſtorms drive and the waters beat it, the "ſun melts it above and the rocks ſhatter it "below. What art thou deceitful pleaſure, "but a ſudden blaze ſtreaming from the "north, which plays a moment on the eye, "mocks the traveller with the hopes of "light, and then vaniſhes forever? What,

"love,

" love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we " approach without knowledge of our dan- " ger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, " till we have loſt all power of reſiſtance and " eſcape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces " of *Ajut*, while I had yet not called her to " the banquet, I was careleſs as the ſleeping " morſe, I was merry as the ſingers in the " ſtars. Why, *Ajut*, did I gaze upon thy " graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to " the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, " remember *Anningait*, and meet my return " with the ſmile of virginity. I will chaſe " the deer, I will ſubdue the whale, reſiſtleſs " as the froſt of darkneſs, and unwearied as " the ſummer ſun. In a few weeks, I ſhall " return proſperous and wealthy; then ſhall " the roeſiſh and the porpoiſe, feaſt thy kin- " dred; the fox and hare ſhall cover thy " couch; the tough hide of the ſeal ſhall " ſhelter thee from cold; and the fat of the " whale illuminate thy dwelling."

ANNINGAIT having with theſe ſentiments conſoled his grief and animated his induſtry, found that they had now coaſted the headland, and ſaw the whales ſpouting at a diſtance

diſtance. He therefore placed himſelf in his fiſhing boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity, and, by dividing his time between the chace and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

AJUT, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of *Norngſuk*, on his return from hunting. *Norngſuk* was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the moſt expert fiſher of *Greenland*, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was maſter of four mens and two womens boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. When he ſaw the beauty of *Ajut*, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. *Ajut* refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of *Anningait*.

NORNGSUK,

NORNGSUK, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that *Ajut* would conſult an *Angekkok*, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated *Angekkok* of that part of the country, and by a preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle, obtained a promiſe that when *Ajut* ſhould conſult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of ſouls. *Ajut*, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and enquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much larger reward at the return of *Anningait* if the prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The *Angekkok* knew the way to riches, and foretold that *Anningait*, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

THIS prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret, and *Norngſuk* depending upon his artifice renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence; but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of *Greenland* is too powerful for the virtue of a *Greenlander*; they

they forgot the merit and the preſents of *Anningait*, and decreed *Ajut* to the embrace of *Norngſuk*. She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares which ſhe had the fortune to enſnare, taking care at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which *Anningait* had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy laden along the coaſt. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy and ſufferings. When the company reached the land they informed her, that *Anningait*, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel of carriage, had ſet out before them in his fiſhing boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on ſhore.

AJUT, diſtracted at this intelligence, was about to fly again into the hills without knowing

knowing why, though ſhe was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at laſt they retired to reſt, *Ajut* went down to the beach, where finding a fiſhing boat, ſhe entered it without heſitation, and telling thoſe who wondered at her raſhneſs, that ſhe was going in ſearch of *Anningait*, rowed away with great ſwiftneſs, and was ſeen no more.

THE fate of theſe lovers gave occaſion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into ſtars; others imagine that *Anningait* was ſeized in his paſſage by the genius of the rocks, and that *Ajut* was transformed into a mermaid, and ſtill continues to ſeek her lover in the deſarts of the ſea. But the general perſuaſion is, that they are both in that part of the land of ſouls where the ſun never ſets, where oil is always freſh, and proviſions always warm. The virgins ſometimes throw a thimble, and a needle into the bay, from which the hapleſs maid departed; and when a *Greenlander* would praiſe any couple for virtuous affection, he declares, that they love like *Anningait* and *Ajut*.

NUMB. 188. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 4, 1752.

——— *Si te colo*, Sexte, *non amabo.*

MART.

NONE of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general or leſs blamable than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwiſe than in an hermitage, without hourly pleaſure or vexation from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inſpirits gaiety.

IT is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation, holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I QUESTION whether ſome abatement of character is not almoſt neceſſary to general acceptance. Few ſpend their time with much ſatisfaction under the eye of unconteſted ſuperiority, and therefore, among thoſe who are received with univerſal welcome, and whoſe preſence is courted at aſſemblies of jollity, there are ſeldom found men eminently diſtinguiſhed for powers of nature or acquiſitions of ſtudy. The wit whoſe vivacity condemns ſlower tongues to ſilence, the ſcholar

whoſe knowledge allows no man to fanſy that he inſtructs him, the critick who ſuffers no fallacy to paſs undetected, the reaſoner who condemns idleneſs to thought and negligence to attention, are generally praiſed and feared, reverenced and avoided.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by ſallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the *Latins* call, the *Sardinian Laughter*, a diſtortion of the face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon, no ſtile of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal particularities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to contemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection

connection with a celebrated character, ſome deſire to advance, or oppoſe a riſing name. Vanity often co-operates with curioſity. He that is a hearer in one place qualifies himſelf to become a ſpeaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a ſeries of argument, or tranſport the volatile ſpirit of wit with evaporation, he yet thinks himſelf able to treaſure up the various incidents of a ſtory, and pleaſes his hopes with the information which he ſhall give to ſome inferior ſociety.

NARRATIVES are for the moſt part heard without envy, becauſe they are not ſuppoſed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet ecchoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance ſo little difficulty, that every one concludes himſelf equal to the taſk.

BUT it is not eaſy, and in ſome ſituations not poſſible, to accumulate ſuch a ſtock of materials, as may ſupport the expence of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of

ingratiating themſelves, pleaſe only at the firſt interview, and, for want of new ſupplies of intelligence, wear out their ſtories by continual repetition.

THERE would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praiſe of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but ſuch is the kindneſs of mankind to all except thoſe who aſpire to real merit and rational dignity, that every underſtanding may find ſome way to benevolence, and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleaſed, but we are not willing to admire; we favour the mirth or officiouſneſs that ſolicits our regard, but oppoſe the worth or ſpirit that enforces it.

THE firſt place among thoſe that pleaſe becauſe they deſire only to pleaſe, is due to the *merry fellow*, whoſe laugh is loud, and whoſe voice is ſtrong; who is ready to eccho every jeſt with obſtreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applauſe. It is not neceſſary to a merry fellow

fellow to have in himſelf any fund of jocularity, or force of conception; it is ſufficient that he always appears in the higheſt exaltation of gladneſs, for the greater part of mankind are gay or ſerious by infection, and follow without reſiſtance the attraction of example.

NEXT to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence or any other virtue than ſuch as indolence and inſenſibility confer. The characteriſtick of a *good-natured man* is to bear a joke; to ſit unmoved and unaffected amidſt noiſe and turbulence, profaneneſs and obſcenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure inſult without reply; and to follow the ſtream of folly whatever courſe it ſhall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exerciſe themſelves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor diſconcerts a puny ſatiriſt with unexpected ſarcaſms, but while the glaſs continues to circulate contentedly bears the

expence of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

THE *modeſt man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whoſe only power of giving pleaſure is not to interrupt it. The modeſt man ſatisfies himſelf with peaceful ſilence, which all his companions are candid enough to conſider as proceeding not from inability to ſpeak, but willingneſs to hear.

MANY without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have ſome ſingle art of entertainment which ſerves them as a paſſport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, becauſe every night preciſely at eleven, he begins his favourite ſong, and during the vocal performance by correſpondent motions of his hand chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himſelf to a long ſucceſſion of acquaintances by ſitting among them with his wig reverſed; another by contriving to ſmut the noſe of any ſtranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by purring like a cat, and then pretending to be frighted; and another by yelping like a hound,

hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

SUCH are the arts by which cheerfulneſs is promoted, and ſometimes friendſhip eſtabliſhed; arts, which thoſe who deſpiſe them, ſhould not rigorouſly blame, except when they are practiſed at the expence of innocence; for it is always neceſſary to be loved, but not always neceſſary to be reverenced.

NUMB. 189. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 7, 1752.

Quod tam grande ſophos clamat tibi Turba togata,
Non tu, Pomponi, *cœna diſerta tua eſt.*
MART.

THE world ſcarcely affords opportunities of making any obſervation more frequently, than on falſe claims to praiſe and reputation. Almoſt every man waſtes part of his life in attempts to diſplay qualities which

he does not poſſeſs, and to gain applauſe which he cannot keep; nor is it poſſible to enter any aſſembly without ſeeing one part offended or diverted by the oſtentation of the other.

Of theſe pretenders it is fit to diſtinguiſh thoſe who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; thoſe who by deſigned impoſtures promote their intereſt or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their latent excellencies and neglected virtues; who believe themſelves qualified to inſtruct or pleaſe, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent uſurpers of diſtinction deſerve greater ſeverities than ridicule and contempt, ſince they are ſeldom content with empty praiſe, but are inſtigated by paſſions more pernicious than vanity. They conſider the reputation which they endeavour to eſtabliſh as neceſſary to the accompliſhment of ſome ſubſequent deſign, and value praiſe only as it may conduce to the ſucceſs of avarice or ambition.

THE commercial world is very frequently put into confuſion by the bankrupcy of merchants, that aſſumed the ſplendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the ſtock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky caſualties could enable them to pay; till after having ſupported their appearance awhile by a tumultuary magnificence of boundleſs traffick, they ſink at once, and drag down into poverty thoſe whom their equipages had induced to truſt them.

AMONG wretches that place their happineſs in the favour of beings whom only high titles or large eſtates ſet above themſelves, nothing is more common than to boaſt of confidence which they do not enjoy; to ſell promiſes which they know their intereſt unable to perform; and to reimburſe the tribute which they pay to ſome proſperous ſlave, from the contributions of meaner dependents, whom they can amuſe with tales of their influence and hopes of their ſolicitation.

YET among ſome too thoughtleſs or volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a ſpecies

a ſpecies of falſhood more deteſtable than the levee or exchange can ſhew. There are men that boaſt of debaucheries, of which they never had addreſs to be guilty; ruin by lewd tales the characters of women to whom they are ſcarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; deſtroy in a drunken frolick the happineſs of families; blaſt the bloom of beauty; and intercept the reward of virtue.

OTHER artifices of falſhood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenuous mind, are yet not to be ranked with flagitious enormities, nor is it neceſſary to incite the vengeance of ſanguinary juſtice againſt them, ſince they may be adequately puniſhed by detection and laughter. The traveller who deſcribes cities which he has never ſeen; the ſquire who at his return from *London*, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed in the park or coffee-houſe; the author who entertains his admirers with ſtories of the aſſiſtance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who is careful to introduce the mention of her viſits at great houſes where ſhe happens to know the cook-maid

maid, are ſurely ſuch harmleſs animals as truth herſelf may be content to deſpiſe without deſiring to hurt them.

BUT of the multitudes who ſtruggle in vain for diſtinction, and diſplay their own merits only to feel more acutely the ſting of neglect, a great part are wholly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed by infatuation and credulity to that ſcorn with which the univerſal love of praiſe incites us all to drive feeble competitors out of our way.

FEW men ſurvey themſelves with ſo much ſeverity, as not to admit prejudices in their own favour, which an artful flatterer may gradually ſtrengthen, till wiſhes for a particular qualification are improved to hopes of attainment, and hopes of attainment to belief of poſſeſſion. Such flatterers every one will find who has power to reward their aſſiduities. Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependance and expectation, and wherever there is dependance, there will be an emulation of ſervility.

MANY

MANY of the follies which provoke general cenſure are the effects of ſuch vanity, as however it might have wantoned in the imagination, would ſcarcely have dared the publick eye, had it not been animated and emboldened by flattery. Whatever difficulty there may be in the knowledge of ourſelves, ſcarcely any one fails to ſuſpect his own imperfections, till he is elevated by others to confidence. Almoſt every man is naturally modeſt and timorous, but fear and ſhame are uneaſy ſenſations, and whoſoever helps to remove them is received with kindneſs.

TURPICULA was born the heireſs of a large eſtate, and having loſt her mother in her infancy, was committed to the care of a governeſs, whom misfortunes had reduced to accept any terms on which ſhe could be decently ſupported. The fondneſs of *Turpicula*'s father would not ſuffer him to truſt her at a publick ſchool, but he took care to hire domeſtick teachers, and beſtowed on her all the accompliſhments which wealth could purchaſe. But how many things are neceſſary to happineſs which money cannot obtain? Being by this ſcheme of education, ſecluded

cluded from all with whom ſhe might converſe on terms of equality, ſhe heard none of thoſe intimations of her defects, which envy petulance or anger produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

TURPICULA ſaw nothing but obſequiouſneſs, and heard nothing but commendations; becauſe few approached her who did not conſider it as their intereſt to pleaſe. None are ſo little acquainted with the ruling paſſions of the heart, as not to know that woman's firſt wiſh is to be handſome, and that conſequently the readieſt method of obtaining her kindneſs is to praiſe her beauty. *Turpicula* had a diſtorted ſhape and a dark complexion, yet the impudence of adulation ventured to tell her of the commanding dignity of her motion, and the ſoft enchantment of her ſmile. She was eaſily convinced that ſhe was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who ventured to gaze upon her, felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an underſtanding which might have ſupplied the defects of her form, and applied all her care to the decoration of her

her perſon; for ſhe conſidered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was, like the reſt of human beings, in haſte to be admired. The deſire of conqueſt naturally led her to the liſts in which beauty ſignalizes her power. She glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and talked loud in the front-box; but after a thouſand experiments of her charms, was at laſt convinced that ſhe had been flattered, and that her glaſs was honeſter than her maid.

NUMB. 190. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 11, 1752.

Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Quæſitum meritis. HOR.

AMONG the emirs and viſiers, the ſons of valour and of wiſdom, that ſtand at the corners of the *Indian* throne, to aſſiſt the counſels or conduct the wars of the poſterity of *Timur*, the firſt place was long held by *Morad* the ſon of *Hanuth*. *Morad* having ſignalized himſelf in many battles and ſieges,

was

was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wiſdom and moderation was wafted to the pinacles of *Agra*, by the prayers of thoſe whom his adminiſtration made happy. The emperor called him into his preſence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the ſabre of command. The voice of *Morad* was heard from the cliffs of *Taurus* to the *Indian* ocean, every tongue faultered in his preſence, and every eye was caſt down before him.

MORAD lived many years in proſperity; every day encreaſed his wealth, and extended his influence. The ſages repeated his maxims, the captains of thouſands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and diſcontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatneſs is ſhort and tranſitory, as the odour of incenſe in the fire. The ſun grew weary of gilding the palaces of *Morad*, the clouds of ſorrow gathered round his head, and the tempeſt of hatred roared about his dwelling.

MORAD ſaw ruin haſtily approaching. The firſt that forſook him were his poets; their

their example was followed by all thoſe whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleaſures, and only a few, whoſe virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be ſeen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and proſtrated himſelf at the foot of the throne. His accuſers were confident and loud, his friends ſtood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborn by clamour. He was diveſted of his power, deprived of his acquiſitions, and condemned to paſs the reſt of his life on his hereditary eſtate.

MORAD had been ſo long accuſtomed to crouds and buſineſs, ſupplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in ſolitude; he ſaw with regret the ſun riſe to force a new day on his eye for which he had no uſe; and envied the ſavage that wanders in the deſart, becauſe he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chaſing his prey, or ſleeping in his den.

His diſcontent in time vitiated his conſtitution, and a ſlow diſeaſe ſeized upon him.

He

He refuſed phyſick, neglected exerciſe, and lay down on his couch peeviſh and reſtleſs, rather afraid to dye than deſirous to live. His domeſticks for a time redoubled their aſſiduities, but finding that no officiouſneſs could ſooth nor exactneſs ſatisfy, ſoon gave way to negligence and ſloth, and he that once commanded nations, often languiſhed in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy ſtate, he commanded meſſengers to recal his eldeſt ſon *Abouzaid* from the army. *Abouzaid* was alarmed at the account of his father's ſickneſs, and haſted by long journeys to his place of reſidence. *Morad* was yet living, and felt his ſtrength return at the embraces of his ſon, then commanding him to ſit down at his bedſide, "*Abouzaid*," ſays he, "thy father has no more to hope or "fear from the inhabitants of the earth, the "cold hand of the angel of death is now upon "him, and the voracious grave howls for his "prey. Hear therefore the precepts of an-"cient experience, let not my laſt inſtruc-"tions iſſue forth in vain. Thou haſt ſeen "me happy and calamitous, thou haſt beheld "my exaltation and my fall. My power is

"in

" in the hands of my enemies, my treaſures " have rewarded my accuſers; but my inhe- " ritance the clemency of the emperor has " ſpared, and my wiſdom his anger could not " take away. Caſt thine eyes round thee, " whatever thou beholdeſt will in a few hours " be thine; apply thine ear to my dictates, " and theſe poſſeſſions will promote thy hap- " pineſs. Aſpire not to publick honours, en- " ter not the palaces of kings; thy wealth " will ſet thee above inſult, let thy modera- " tion keep below envy. Content thyſelf " with private dignity, diffuſe thy riches " among thy friends, let every day extend " thy beneficence, and ſuffer not thy heart " to be at reſt till thou art loved by all to " whom thou art known. In the height of " my power, I ſaid to defamation, who will " hear thee? and to artifice, what canſt thou " perform? But my ſon, deſpiſe not thou " the malice of the weakeſt, remember that " venom ſupplies the want of ſtrength, and " that the lion may periſh by the puncture of " an aſp."

MORAD expired in a few hours. *Abou-zaid*, after the months of mourning, deter-

mined

mined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindneſs and endearment. He wiſely conſidered, that domeſtick happineſs was firſt to be ſecured, and that none have ſo much power of doing good or hurt, as thoſe who are preſent in the hour of negligence, hear the burſts of thoughtleſs merriment, and obſerve the ſtarts of unguarded paſſion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by ſupernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himſelf upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed by robbers, who, being purſued and taken, declared, that they had been admitted by one of his ſervants; the ſervant immediately confeſſed, that he unbarred the door, becauſe another not more worthy of confidence was entruſted with the keys.

ABOUZAID was thus convinced that a dependant could not eaſily be made a friend; and that while many were ſoliciting for the firſt rank of favour, all thoſe would be alienated whom he diſappointed. He therefore reſolved

reſolved to aſſociate with a few equal companions ſelected from among the chief men of the province. With theſe he lived happily for a time, till familiarity ſet them free from reſtraint, and every man thought himſelf at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then diſturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of ſentiments, and *Abouzaid* was neceſſitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a cloſe union with beings ſo diſcordant in their nature, and to diffuſe himſelf in a larger circle. He practiſed the ſmile of univerſal courteſy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendſhip now refuſed to accept his acquaintance; and of thoſe whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one preſſed forward toward intimacy, thought himſelf overlooked in the croud, and murmured becauſe he was not diſtinguiſhed above the reſt. By degrees all made advances, and all reſented repulſe. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain;

vain; the muſick ſounded in empty rooms; and *Abouzaid* was left to form in ſolitude ſome new ſcheme of pleaſure or ſecurity.

RESOLVING now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of ſcience, whoſe merit was obſcured by poverty. His houſe was ſoon crouded with poets, ſculptors, painters, and deſigners, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a ſhort time they forgot the diſtreſs from which they had been reſcued, and began to conſider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condeſcending to accept his bounties. *Abouzaid* heard their murmurs and diſmiſſed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the ſons of art departed muttering threats of perpetual infamy, *Abouzaid*, who ſtood at the gate, called to him *Hamet* the poet. "*Hamet*," ſaid he, "thy ingratitude has put "an end to my hopes and experiments; I "have

" have now learned the vanity of thoſe la-
" bours, which hope to be rewarded by hu-
" man benevolence; I ſhall henceforth do
" good and avoid evil without reſpect to the
" opinion of men; and reſolve to ſolicit only
" the approbation of that being whom alone
" we are ſure to pleaſe by endeavouring to
" pleaſe him."

NUMB. 191. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 14, 1752.

Cereus in Vitium flecti, Monitoribus aſper.
HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

Dear Mr. RAMBLER,

I HAVE been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine ſales, five ſhows, and ſix card-tables, and put me ſeventeen viſits behind hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will ſettle in my head, and I ſhall not be fit to

to be ſeen theſe ſix weeks. But, dear Mr. *Rambler*, how can I help it? at this very time *Meliſſa* is dancing with the prettieſt gentleman;---ſhe will breakfaſt with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have preſents; then ſhe will be dreſt, and viſit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards, and win, and come home with two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. *Rambler*, who can bear it?

My aunt has juſt brought me a bundle of your papers for my amuſement. She ſays, you are a philoſopher, and will teach me to moderate my deſires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear ſir, I do not wiſh nor intend to moderate my deſires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to ſit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but juſt as my aunt came in, *Phyllida* had brought me a letter from Mr. *Trip*, which I put within the leaves, and read about *abſence* and *inconſolableneſs*, and *ardour*, and *irreſiſtible paſſion*, and *eternal conſtancy*, while my aunt

imagined, that I was puzzling myſelf with your philoſophy, and often cried out, when ſhe ſaw me look confuſed, "If there is any "word that you do not underſtand, child, I "will explain it."

DEAR ſoul! how old people that think themſelves wiſe may be impoſed upon! But it is fit that they ſhould take their turn, for I am ſure, while they can keep poor girls cloſe in the nurſery, they tyranniſe over our underſtanding in a very ſhameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet ſubjection, and fanſy that we can never be ſafe but by their protection.

I HAVE a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are ſtill generally admired by thoſe that value themſelves upon their underſtanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and ſimplicity, and beauty, and propriety; but if there was not ſome hope of meeting me, ſcarcely a creature would come near them that wears a faſhionable coat. Theſe ladies, Mr. *Rambler*, have had me under their government

vernment fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by ſuch repreſentations of life as I cannot yet find to be true, but which I knew not whether I ought to impute to ignorance or malice, as it is poſſible the world may be much changed ſince they mingled in general converſation.

Being deſirous that I ſhould love books, they told me, that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of ſenſe, or qualify me to diſtinguiſh the ſuperficial glitter of vanity from the ſolid merit of underſtanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of trivial or dangerous amuſements, and preſerve me from the ſnares of idleneſs and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention ſeems to have been to make me afraid of men, in which they ſucceeded ſo well for a time, that I durſt not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fanſy, that no man ever ſpoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the

girl who ſuffered him that had once ſqueezed her hand, to approach her a ſecond time was on the brink of ruin; and that ſhe who anſwered a billet, without conſulting her relations, gave love ſuch power over her, that ſhe would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-ſtrings were taken off, I ſcarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never ſaid more when ſhe heard me commended, but "The girl is very well," and then endeavoured to divert my attention by ſome enquiry after my needle, or my book.

It is now three months ſince I have been ſuffered to pay and receive viſits, to dance at publick aſſemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at lady *Racket*'s rout; and you may eaſily imagine what I think of thoſe who have ſo long cheated me with falſe expectations, diſturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happineſs of woman.

I am

I AM ſo far from perceiving the uſefulneſs or neceſſity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretenſions to learning I ſhould have loſt Mr. *Trip*, whom I once frighted into another box, by retailing ſome of *Dryden*'s remarks upon a tragedy; for Mr. *Trip* declares that he hates nothing like hard words, and I am ſure, there is not a better partner to be found; his very walk is a dance. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me, I was too wiſe for them, who for their part, never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill, and then aſked me the price of my beſt head.

THOSE vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books, I have never yet obtained; for, conſider, Mr. *Rambler*, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot riſe early; as ſoon as I am up, I dreſs for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to ſome ſale or ſhow, or entertainment at the little theatre; then muſt be dreſſed for dinner; then muſt pay my viſits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general courſe of

the day when there happens nothing extraordinary; but ſometimes I ramble into the country and come back again to a ball; ſometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have ſo many things to do, ſo many orders to give to the milliner, ſo many alterations to make in my cloaths, ſo many viſitants names to read over, ſo many invitations to accept or refuſe, ſo many cards to write, and ſo many faſhions to conſider, that I am loſt in confuſion, forced at laſt to let in company or ſtep into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

THIS is the round of my day; and when ſhall I either ſtop my courſe, or ſo change it as to want a book? I ſuppoſe it cannot be imagined that any of theſe diverſions will be ſoon at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and ſhows, and playhouſes, and cards; viſits will always be paid, and cloaths always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands.

BUT

But I am moſt at a loſs to gueſs for what purpoſe they related ſuch tragick ſtories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were ſo malicious and deſtructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not ſince my entrance into the world found one who does not profeſs himſelf devoted to my ſervice, and ready to live or die as I ſhall command him. They are ſo far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who ſhall be allowed moſt cloſely to attend, and moſt frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment or ſchemes of pleaſure are mentioned, I can ſee the eyes ſparkle and the cheeks glow of him whoſe propoſals obtain my approbation; he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condeſcention, and congratulates himſelf that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are theſe, Mr. *Rambler*, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by thoſe who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my preſence?

As little reaſon can I yet find to ſuſpect them of ſtratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my

miſtakes, nor exact from me a rigorous obſervation of the laws of the game. Even Mr. *Shuffle*, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myſelf, plays with me ſo negligently, that I am ſometimes inclined to believe he loſes his money by deſign, and yet he is ſo fond of play, that he ſays, he will one day take me to his houſe in the country; that we may try by ourſelves who can conquer. I have not yet promiſed him, but when the town grows a little empty, I ſhall think upon it, for I want ſome trinkets, like *Letitia*'s, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but muſt ſtudy ſome means of amuſing my relations.

For all theſe diſtinctions I find myſelf indebted to that beauty which I was never ſuffered to hear praiſed, and of which therefore, I did not before know the full value. This concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told, that nothing but blindneſs can eſcape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know ſo well, has been only one fiction entangled with another;

other; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue ſome appearances of reſpect, I cannot think that they, who have been ſo clearly detected in ignorance or impoſture, have any right to the eſteem, veneration, or obedience of,

SIR, Yours,

BELLARIA.

NUMB. 192. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 18, 1752.

Γύνος ἐὼν εἰς ἔρωτα,
Σοφίη, τρόπος πατεῖται·
Μόνου ἄργυρου βλέπουσιν.
Απόλοιντο πρῶτος αὐτος
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες.
Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτὸν.
Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ὀλλύμεσθα
Διὰ τοῦτον οἱ φιλοῦντες. ANACREON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM the ſon of a gentleman, whoſe anceſtors, for many ages, held the firſt rank in the county; till at laſt one of them, too

deſirous of popularity, ſet his houſe open to all that would enter it, kept a table covered with continual profuſion, and diſtributed his beef and ale to ſuch as choſe rather to live upon the folly of others than their own labour with ſuch thoughtleſs liberality, that he left a third part of his eſtate mortgaged. His ſucceſſor a man of ſpirit, ſcorned to impair his dignity by parſimonious retrenchments, or to admit by a ſale of his lands any participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay the intereſt of the former, and pleaſed himſelf with the reflection, that his ſon would have the hereditary eſtate without the diminution of an acre.

NEARLY reſembling this, was the practice of my wife progenitors for many ages. Every man boaſted the antiquity of his family, reſolved to ſupport the dignity of his birth, and lived in ſplendor and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, ſometimes by a wealthy marriage, and ſometimes by lucky legacies, diſcharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himſelf entitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the ſame inheritance of embarraſment and diſtreſs.

THUS

THUS the eſtate perpetually decayed; the woods were felled by one, the park ploughed by another, the fiſhery let to farmers by a third; at laſt the old hall was pulled down to ſpare the coſt of reparation, and part of the materials ſold to build a ſmall houſe with the reſt. We were now openly degraded from our original rank, and my father's brother was allowed with leſs reluctance to ſerve an apprenticeſhip, though we never reconciled ourſelves heartily to the ſound of haberdaſher, but always talked of warehouſes and a merchant, and when the wind happened to blow loud affected to pity the hazards of commerce, and to ſympathize with the ſolicitude of my poor uncle, who had the true retailer's terror of adventure, and never expoſed himſelf or his property to any wider water than the *Thames*.

IN time, however, by continual profit and ſmall expences he grew rich, and began to turn his thoughts towards rank. He hung the arms of the family over his parlour-chimney; pointed at a chariot decorated only with a cypher; became of opinion that money could not make a gentleman; reſented the petulance

petulance of upſtarts; told ſtories of alderman *Puff*'s grandfather the porter; wondered that there was no better method for regulating precedence; wiſhed for ſome dreſs peculiar to men of faſhion; and when his ſervant preſented a letter, always enquired whether it came from his brother the eſquire.

My father was careful to ſend him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often coſt more than the value, was well received, becauſe it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, deſcribing the beauty of his brother's ſeat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonſtrances could with-hold from polluting his fingers with a ſhop-book.

The little preſents which we ſent were always returned with great munificence. He was deſirous of being the ſecond founder of his family, and could not bear that we ſhould be any longer outſhone by thoſe whom we conſidered as climbers upon our ruins, and uſurpers of our fortune. He furniſhed our houſe with all the elegance of faſhionable expence, and was careful to conceal his bounties,

ties, leſt the poverty of his family ſhould be ſuſpected.

At length it happened that by miſconduct like our own, a large eſtate, which had been purchaſed from us, was again expoſed to the beſt bidder. My uncle delighted with an opportunity of reinſtating the family in their poſſeſſions, came down with treaſures ſcarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large ſums familiar, and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took poſſeſſion. He now conſidered himſelf as ſuperior to trade, diſpoſed of his ſtock, and as ſoon as he had ſettled his oeconomy, began to ſhow his rural ſovereignty, by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and ſeizing the guns or nets of thoſe whoſe fortunes did not qualify them for ſportſmen. He ſoon afterwards ſolicited the office of ſheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be reprieved, but which he regarded as a reſumption of anceſtral claims, and a kind of reſtoration to blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whose mind was so filled with this change of his condition, that he found no want of domestick entertainment, declared himself too old to marry, and resolved to let the newly purchased estate fall into the regular channel of inheritance. I was therefore considered as heir apparent, and courted with officiousness and caresses, by the gentlemen who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank which they could not refuse, depressed me with studied neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous insults.

I FELT not much pleasure from the civilities for which I knew myself indebted to my uncle's industry, till by one of the invitations which every day now brought me, I was induced to spend a week with *Lucius*, whose daughter *Flavilla* I had often seen, and admired like others, without any thought of nearer approaches. The inequality which had hitherto kept me at a distance being now levelled, I was received with every evidence of respect; *Lucius* told me the fortune which he intended for his favourite, his lady detailed her virtues, many odd accidents obliged us to be often together without company, and I soon

ſoon began to find that they were ſpreading for me the nets of matrimony.

FLAVILLA was all ſoftneſs and complaiſance. I who had been excluded by a narrow fortune from much acquaintance with the world, and never been honoured before with the notice of ſo fine a lady, was eaſily enamoured. *Lucius* either perceived my paſſion, or *Flavilla* betrayed it; care was taken that our private meetings ſhould be leſs frequent, and my charmer confeſſed by her eyes how much pain ſhe ſuffered from our reſtraint. I renewed my viſit upon every pretence, but was not allowed one interview without witneſs, at laſt I declared my paſſion to *Lucius*, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his conſent, but that my uncle ſhould ſettle his eſtate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by ſuch an unſeaſonable demand. *Lucius* ſeemed not to think decency of much importance, but admitted the danger of diſpleaſing, and concluded that as he was now old, and ſickly, we might without any inconvenience wait for his death.

WITH this reſolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of *Flavilla*, in which the days paſſed away amidſt continual rapture; but in time, I began to be aſhamed of ſitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and propoſed to *Lucius* many ſchemes of raiſing my own fortune by ſuch aſſiſtance as I knew my uncle willing to give me. *Lucius* afraid leſt I ſhould change my affection in abſence, diverted me from my deſign by diſſuaſives to which my paſſion eaſily liſtened. At laſt my uncle died, and conſidering himſelf as neglected by me, from the time that *Flavilla* took poſſeſſion of my heart, left his eſtate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating ſtories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be ſelling ſtock.

MY condition was ſoon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of *Flavilla*. I repeated the proteſtations of regard, which had been formerly returned with ſo much ardour, in a letter which ſhe received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt

tempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchaſed by the loſs of fortune an eſcape from a harpy who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to purſue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I ſucceed, ſhall expect to hear of the repentance of *Flavilla*. I am,

SIR, Yours, &c.

CONSTANTIUS.

NUMB. 193. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 21, 1752.

Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare Libello.

HOR.

WHATEVER is univerſally deſired, will be ſought by induſtry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and abſurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wiſdom or folly.

folly. Some will always miſtake the degree of their own deſert, and ſome will deſire that others may miſtake it. The cunning will have recourſe to ſtratagem, and the powerful to violence for the attainment of their wiſhes; ſome will ſtoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

PRAISE is ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almoſt all our actions. The deſire of commendation, as of every thing elſe, is varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; ſome have no higher wiſh than for the applauſe of a club; ſome expect the acclamations of a county; and ſome have hoped to fill the mouths of all ages and nations with their names. Every man pants for the higheſt eminence within his view; none, however mean, ever ſinks below the hope of being diſtinguiſhed by his fellow-beings, and very few have, by magnanimity or piety, been ſo raiſed above it, as to act wholly without regard to human cenſure or opinion.

To be praiſed, therefore, every man reſolves, but reſolutions will not execute themſelves,

ſelves. That which all think too parſimoniouſly diſtributed to their own claims, they will not gratuitouſly ſquander upon others, and ſome expedient muſt be tried by which praiſe may be gained before it can be enjoyed.

AMONG the innumerable bidders for praiſe ſome are willing to purchaſe at the higheſt rate, and offer eaſe and health, fortune and life. Yet even of theſe only a ſmall part have gained what they ſo earneſtly deſired; the ſtudent waſtes away in meditation, and the ſoldier periſhes on the ramparts, but unleſs ſome accidental advantage co-operates with merit, neither perſeverance nor adventure attract the attention of mankind, and learning and bravery ſink into the grave without honour or remembrance.

BUT ambition and vanity generally expect to be gratified on eaſier terms. It has been long obſerved, that what is procured by ſkill or labour to the firſt poſſeſſor, may be afterwards transferred for money; and that the man of wealth may partake all the acquiſitions of courage without hazard, and all the

products

products of industry without fatigue. It was easily discovered, that riches would obtain praise among other conveniencies, and that he whose pride was unluckily associated with laziness, ignorance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyrist, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies; might determine, at leisure, what virtue or science he would be pleased to appropriate, and be lulled in the evening with soothing serenades, or waked in the morning by sprightly gratulations.

The happiness which mortals receive from the celebration of beneficence which never relieved, or eloquence which never persuaded, dignity which never awed, or elegance which never pleased, ought not to be envied or disturbed, when they are known honestly to pay for their entertainment. But there are unmerciful exactors of adulation, who with-hold the wages of venality; retain their encomiast from year to year by general promises and ambiguous blandishments; and when he has run through the whole compass of flattery dismiss him with contempt, because his vein of fiction is exhausted.

A con-

A CONTINUAL feaſt of commendation is only to be obtained by merit or by wealth; many are therefore obliged to content themſelves with ſingle morſels, and recompenſe the infrequency of their enjoyment by exceſs and riot, whenever fortune ſets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are ſeldom gorged to the full with praiſe, may be ſafely fed with groſs compliments, for the appetite muſt be ſatisfied before it is diſguſted.

IT is generally eaſy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for ſuſtenance, and all that impudence or ſervility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to poſſeſs in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully ſhe looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

OTHERS there are yet more open and artleſs, who inſtead of ſuborning a flatterer are content to ſupply his place, and, as ſome animals impregnate themſelves, ſwell with the praiſes which they hear from their own tongues. *Recte is dicitur laudare ſeſe cui nemo alius contigit laudator.* "It is right, ſays "*Eraſmus*, that he, whom no one elſe will "commend, ſhould beſtow commendations "on himſelf." Of all the ſons of vanity, theſe are ſure the happieſt and greateſt; for what is greatneſs or happineſs but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of ſupplying every want from the common ſtores of nature which can neither be exhauſted nor prohibited. Such is the wiſe man of the ſtoicks; ſuch is the divinity of the epicureans; and ſuch is the flatterer of himſelf. Every other enjoyment malice may deſtroy; every other panegyrick envy may with-hold; but no human power can deprive the boaſter of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiſs, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleaſures ſtill remain the ſame; he can always liſten with rapture to himſelf,

himſelf, and leave thoſe who dare not repoſe upon their own atteſtation, to be elated or depreſſed by chance, and toil on in the hopeleſs taſk of fixing caprice, and propitiating malice.

THIS art of happineſs has been long practiſed by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When we think our excellencies overlooked by the world, or deſire to recall the attention of the publick to ſome particular performance, we ſit down with great compoſure and write a letter to ourſelves. The correſpondent whoſe character we aſſume always addreſſes us with the deference due to a ſuperior intelligence; propoſes his doubts with a proper ſenſe of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at laſt has no other pretenſions to our notice than his profundity of reſpect, and ſincerity of admiration, his ſubmiſſion to our dictates, and zeal for our ſucceſs. To ſuch a reader it is impoſſible to refuſe regard, nor can it eaſily be imagined with how much alacrity we ſnatch up the pen which indignation or deſpair had condemned to inactivity,

vity, when we find ſuch candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A LETTER of this kind I had lately the honour of peruſing, in which, though ſome of the periods were negligently cloſed, and ſome expreſſions of familiarity were uſed, which I thought might teach others to addreſs me with too little reverence, I was ſo much delighted with the paſſages in which mention was made of——univerſal learning—unbounded genius——ſoul of *Homer*, *Pythagoras*, and *Plato*—ſolidity of thought—accuracy of diſtinction—elegance of combination—vigour of fancy——ſtrength of reaſon—and regularity of compoſition—that I had once determined to lay it before the publick. Three times I ſent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modeſty, with which I had hitherto contended, was on the point of yielding, when reflecting that I was about to waſte panegyricks on myſelf which might be more profitably reſerved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

NUMB:

NUMB. 194. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 25, 1752.

Si damnoſa Senem juvat alea, ludit et Hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem quatit arma Fritillo.
JUV.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe, that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of *Eumathes*, who ſent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at *London* with a young nobleman his pupil. I ſhall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

MY pupil, in a very ſhort time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accompliſhed himſelf with all thoſe qualifications which conſtitute puerile politeneſs. He became in a few days a perfect maſter of his hat, which with a careleſs nicety, he could put off or on without any need to adjuſt it

by a ſecond motion. This was not attained but by frequent conſultations with his dancing-maſter, and conſtant practice before the glaſs, for he had ſome ruſtick habits to overcome; but what will not time and induſtry perform? A fortnight more furniſhed him with all the airs and forms of familiar and reſpectful ſalutation, from the clap on the ſhoulder to the humble bow; he practiſes the ſtare of ſtrangeneſs, and the ſmile of condeſcenſion, the ſolemnity of promiſe, and the graciouſneſs of encouragement, as if he had been nurſed at a levee; and pronounces, with no leſs propriety than his father, the monoſyllables of coldneſs, and ſonorous periods of reſpectful profeſſion.

He immediately loſt the reſerve and timidity which ſolitude and ſtudy are apt to impreſs upon the moſt courtly genius; was able to enter a crouded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and addreſs thoſe whom he never ſaw before with eaſe and confidence. In leſs than a month, his mother declared her ſatisfaction at his proficiency by a triumphant obſervation,

obſervation, that ſhe believed, *nothing would make him bluſh.*

THIS ſilence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praiſes, gave the lady reaſon to ſuſpect me not much delighted with his acquiſitions; but ſhe attributed my diſcontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of loſing the patronage of the family; and though ſhe thinks favourably of my learning and morals, ſhe conſiders me as wholly unacquainted with the cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind, and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge ſhe compriſes in the rules of viſiting, the hiſtory of the preſent hour, an early intelligence of the change of faſhions, an extenſive acquaintance with the names and faces of perſons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of reſort.

ALL this my pupil perſues with great application. He is twice a day in the mall, where he ſtudies the dreſs of every man ſplendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without ſome obſervation upon

ſleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whiſpers, ſmiles, ſighs, flirts, and bluſhes of every box, ſo much to his mother's ſatisfaction, that when I attempted to reſume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the ſentiments and diction of the tragedy, ſhe at once repreſſed my criticiſm, by telling me, that *ſhe hoped he did not go to loſe his time in attending to the creatures on the ſtage.*

But his acuteneſs was moſt eminently ſignalized at the maſquerade, where he diſcovered his acquaintance through their diſguiſes, with ſuch wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhauſtible topick of converſation. Every new viſitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the ſwing of his arms, a third by the toſs of his head, and another by his favourite phraſe; nor can you doubt but theſe performances receive their juſt applauſe, and a genius thus haſtening to maturity, is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such

SUCH have been his endeavours, and ſuch his aſſiſtances, that every trace of literature was ſoon obliterated. He has changed his language with his dreſs, and inſtead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phraſe and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all whoſe birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every faſhionable barbariſm of the preſent winter, and ſpeaks a dialect not to be underſtood among thoſe who form their ſtile by poring upon authors.

To this copiouſneſs of ideas, and felicity of language, he has joined ſuch eagerneſs to lead the converſation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettieſt gentleman that the age can boaſt of, except that ſome who love to talk themſelves think him too forward, and others lament that with ſo much wit and knowledge he is not taller.

HIS mother liſtens to his obſervations with her eyes ſparkling and her heart beating, and can ſcarcely contain in the moſt numerous aſſemblies the expectations which ſhe has

formed of his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge abſurdly of the intellects of boys. That vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are ſeldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at leaſt, if not by ſtupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearleſneſs of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehenſion, muſt have quick ſenſibility, and where he has no ſufficient reaſon to truſt his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, becauſe he perpetually dreads the diſgrace of error. The pain of miſcarriage is naturally proportionate to the deſire of excellence, and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained by frequent ſtruggles the art of concealing or ſuppreſſing their emotions, diffidence is found the inſeparable aſſociate of underſtanding.

But ſo little diſtruſt has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for ſome time profeſſed himſelf a wit, and tortures his imagination all occaſions for burleſque and jocularity. How he ſupports a character, which, perhaps, no man ever aſſumed without repentance, may

may be eaſily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the diſcovery of ſome occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effuſion of wit therefore preſuppoſes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory ſtored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compoſe new aſſemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, ſhe can never form many combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may indeed, ſometimes produce a luckly parallel or a ſtriking contraſt; but theſe gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himſelf to needleſs expences, muſt live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the reſpect which his rank ſecures, have hitherto ſupplied the want of intellectual qualifications, and he imagines, that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleaſed. He therefore returns every day to the charge with encreaſe of courage, though not of ſtrength, and practiſes all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays

trains for a quibble; he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old ſtories to preſent characters; he miſtakes the queſtion, that he may return a ſmart anſwer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plauſibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the laſt words of his antagoniſt, then ſays, "your "humble ſervant," and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

THESE miſtakes I have honeſtly attempted to correct, but what can be expected from reaſon unſupported by faſhion, ſplendour, or authority. He hears me indeed, or appears to hear me, but is ſoon reſcued from the lecture by more pleaſing avocations; and ſhows, diverſions and careſſes drive my precepts from his remembrance.

HE at laſt imagines himſelf qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his firſt ſally, which I ſhall by your paper communicate to the publick.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

NUMB. 195. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 28, 1752.

——Neſcit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus Puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trochо,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ. HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are ſpeedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curioſity: He that long delays any ſtory which he has promiſed, and ſuffers his auditor to torment himſelf with expectation, will ſeldom be able to recompenſe the uneaſineſs, or equal the hope which he ſuffers to be raiſed.

FOR this reaſon, I have already ſent you the continuation of my pupil's hiſtory, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of uſe to other young men who are in too much haſte to truſt their own prudence,

and quit the wing of protection before they are able to ſhift for themſelves.

When he firſt ſettled in *London*, he was ſo much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, ſo confounded by inceſſant noiſe, and crowds, and hurry, and ſo terrified by rural narratives of the arts of ſharpers, the rudeneſs of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to paſs the ſtreets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented for a time, that I ſhould accompany him in all his excurſions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects, and the contempt to which his ruſticity expoſed him from ſuch of his companions as had accidentally known the town longer, obliged him to diſſemble his remaining terrors.

His deſire of liberty made him now willing to ſpare me the trouble of obſerving his motions, but knowing how much his ignorance

rance expoſed him to miſchief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-houſe, where he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtleſs as himſelf, with whom he had become acquainted at card tables, and whom he conſidered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topics of converſation I could never diſcover, for ſo much was their vivacity depreſſed by my intruſive ſerioufneſs, that they ſeldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and ſhrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint, except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they ſeemed to diſburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the ſuperfluity of their ſprightlineſs in a peal of laughter. When they had tittered themſelves into negligence, I could ſometimes overhear a few ſyllables, ſuch as,—ſolemn raſcal;—academical airs;—ſmoke the tutor;—company for gentlemen!——and other broken phraſes, by which I did not ſuffer my quiet to be diſturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themſelves to mur-

mur.

mur in ſecret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them, ſhrunk into ſtilneſs.

He was, however, deſirous of withdrawing from the ſubjection which he could not venture to break, and made a ſecret appointment to aſſiſt his companions in the perſecution of a play. His footman privately procured him a catcal, on which he practiſed in a back-garret for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time, a chair was called; he pretended an engagement at lady *Flutter*'s, and haſtened to the place where his critical aſſociates had aſſembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations againſt a man whoſe name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not underſtand; for they were reſolved to judge for themſelves, and would not ſuffer the town to be impoſed upon by ſcribblers. In the pit they exerted themſelves with great ſpirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of obſcene ſongs, talked loudly at intervals of *Shakeſpear* and *Johnſon*, played on their catcals a ſhort prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great

great dexterity at the firſt entrance of the players.

Two ſcenes they heard without attempting interruption, but being no longer able to reſtrain their impatience, they then began to exert themſelves in groans and hiſſes, and plied their catcals with inceſſant diligence; ſo that they were ſoon conſidered by the audience as diſturbers of the houſe, and ſome who ſat near them, either provoked at the obſtruction of their entertainment, or deſirous to preſerve the author from the mortification of ſeeing his hopes deſtroyed by children, ſnatched away their inſtruments of criticiſm, and by the ſeaſonable vibration of a ſtick, ſubdued them inſtantaneouſly to decency and ſilence.

To exhilarate themſelves after this vexatious defeat they poſted to a tavern, where they recovered their alacrity, and, after two hours of obſtreperous jollity, burſt out big with enterprize, and panting for ſome occaſion to ſignalize their proweſs. They proceeded vigorouſly through two ſtreets, and with very little oppoſition diſperſed a rabble of drunkards leſs daring than themſelves, then rolled

rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took ſhelter. At laſt it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demoliſh them for ſtanding on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both ſides. At laſt the aſſailants were overpowered, and the chairmen when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

THE young gentleman next morning hung his head, and was ſo much aſhamed of his outrages and defeat, that perhaps he might have been checked in his firſt follies, had not his mother, partly in pity of his dejection, and partly in approbation of his ſpirit, relieved him from his perplexity, by paying the damages privately, and diſcouraging all animadverſion and reproof.

THIS indulgence could not wholly preſerve him from the remembrance of his diſgrace, nor at once reſtore his confidence and elation. He was for three days ſilent, modeſt, and compliant, and thought himſelf neither too wiſe for inſtruction, nor too manly for reſtraint.

ſtraint. But his levity overcame this ſalutary ſorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of maſquerades, taverns and frolicks; bluſtered when his wig was not combed with exactneſs; and threatened deſtruction to a taylor who had miſtaken his directions about the pocket.

I KNEW that he was now riſing again above controul, and that this inflation of ſpirits would burſt out into ſome miſchievous abſurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention, but one evening, having attended his mother at a viſit, he withdrew himſelf, unſuſpected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiouſneſs were ſoon miſſed, and his return impatiently expected; ſupper was delayed, and converſation ſuſpended; every coach that rattled through the ſtreet was expected to bring him, and every ſervant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At laſt the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preſerved from fits by ſpirits and cordials. The family was diſpatched a thouſand ways without ſucceſs, and the houſe was filled with diſtraction, till, as we were deliberating

deliberating what farther meaſures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his ſword, ſnuff-box, ſleeve-buttons, and watch.

Of this loſs or robbery, he gave little account; but, inſtead of ſinking into his former ſhame, endeavoured to ſupport himſelf by ſurlineſs and aſperity, "He was not the firſt "that had played away a few trifles, and "of what uſe were birth and fortune if they "would not admit ſome ſallies and ex-"pences." His mamma was ſo much provoked by the coſt of this prank, that ſhe would neither palliate nor conceal it, and his father, after ſome threats of ruſtication which his fondneſs would not ſuffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profuſion. This method would have ſucceeded in a place where there are no pandars to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious conſequences; for we have diſcovered a treaty with a broker, whoſe daughter he ſeems diſpoſed to marry, on condition that he ſhall be ſupplied with preſent money,

money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

THERE was now no time to be loſt. A domeſtick conſultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to paſs two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that ſhe thought him too much a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a *French* governor.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

NUMB. 196. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum.
Multa recedentes adimunt.——— HOR.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated ſeveral opinions, which, though he thought them evident and inconteſtable at his firſt entrance into the world,

world, time and experience diſpoſed him to change.

WHOEVER reviews the ſtate of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and conſiders what he purſued or dreaded, ſlighted or eſteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reaſon to imagine ſuch changes of ſentiment peculiar to any ſtation or character. Every man, however careleſs and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him; the lectures of time obtrude themſelves upon the moſt unwilling or diſſipated auditor; and by comparing our paſt with our preſent thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot diſcover when the alteration happened, or by what cauſes it was produced.

THIS revolution of ſentiments occaſions a perpetual conteſt between the old and young. They who imagine themſelves entitled to veneration and obedience by the prerogative of longer life, are generally inclined to treat the notions of thoſe whoſe conduct they ſuperintend with ſuperciliouſneſs and contempt, for want of conſidering that the future and the

paſt

paſt have different appearances; that the diſproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new poſſeſſion and ſatiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleaſure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miſeries of life would be encreaſed beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the ſame opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge thoſe ideas that pleaſe us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been ſuppreſſed by frequent diſappointments. The youth who has not diſcovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, when he is ſet free from the ſhackles of diſcipline looks abroad into the world with rapture; he ſees an elyſian region open before him, ſo variegated with beauty, and ſo ſtored with pleaſure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to ſhun evil; he ſtands diſtracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt than which path to follow of thoſe which all lead equally to the bowers of happineſs.

He who has ſeen only the ſuperficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely ſuſpects that external ſplendor conceals any latent ſorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatneſs without ſafety, affluence without content, jollity without friendſhip, and ſolitude without peace. He fancies himſelf permitted to cull the bleſſings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniencies to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miſerable but by his own fault, and ſeldom looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous ſentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openneſs and confidence his deſigns and expectations. Becauſe long life is poſſible, he conſiders it as certain, and therefore promiſes himſelf all the changes of happineſs, and provides gratifications for every deſire. He is, for a time, to give himſelf wholly to frolick and diverſion, to range the world in ſearch of pleaſure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleaſing

pleaſing levities and ſolid attainments, his deep reflections, and his ſparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the ſcattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreſſes to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in buſineſs, to diſſipate difficulty, and over-power oppoſition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatneſs; and reward all thoſe who countenanced his riſe, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laſt he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domeſtick pleaſures; form the manners of children like himſelf; obſerve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his ſons catch ardour from their father's hiſtory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to poſterity; and leave the world an example of wiſdom and of happineſs.

With hopes like theſe, he ſallies jocund into life; to little purpoſe is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happineſs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or diſeaſe; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence,

excellence, produce envy equally with applauſe; that whatever admiration and fondneſs may promiſe him, he muſt marry a wife like the wives of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children, ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

AMONG other pleaſing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himſelf, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a ſpy. He therefore lives in perpetual conſtraint, and conſiders

his

his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick ſenſe of reputation. This it is that gives firmneſs and conſtancy, fidelity and diſintereſtedneſs, and it is this that kindles reſentment for ſlight injuries, and dictates all the principles of ſanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he ſoon diſcovers that he only ſhares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obſcurity of the croud; and that what he does, whether good or bad, though it may produce a ſhort commotion, ſoon gives way to new objects of regard. He then eaſily ſets himſelf free from the anxieties of reputation, and conſiders praiſe or cenſure as a tranſient breath, which, while he hears it, is paſſing away, without any laſting miſchief or advantage.

In youth, it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to loſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Such

SUCH is the condition of life, that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth we have warm hopes which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence, and great deſigns which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan ſchemes and regulate meaſures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

NUMB. 197. TUESDAY, *Feb.* 4, 1752.

Cujus Vulturis hoc erit cadaver?

MART.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I BELONG to an order of mankind, conſiderable at leaſt for their number, to which your notice has never been formally extended, though we ſeem equally entitled to regard with thoſe triflers, who have ſupplied you

you with topicks of amuſement or inſtruction.

I am, Mr. *Rambler*, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is regiſtered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient *Rome*, by the ſonorous titles of *Captator* and *Hæredipeta*.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his maſter's daughter, in hopes of a fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards diſcovered, choſen by her only becauſe ſhe had no better offer, and was afraid of ſervice. I was the firſt offſpring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, and therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generoſity, and if I had not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I ſpent at home I never heard any reaſon for action or forbearance but that we ſhould gain money or loſe it, nor was taught any other ſtile of commendation, than that Mr. *Sneaker* is a warm

man, Mr. *Gripe* has done his buſineſs and needs care for no-body.

My parents, though otherwiſe not great philoſophers, knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my underſtanding ſhould be filled with impreſſions of the value of money. My mother, uſed, upon all occaſions, to inculcate ſome ſalutary axioms, ſuch as might incite me *to keep what I had, and get what I could*; ſhe informed me that we were in a world, where *all muſt catch that catch can*; and as I grew up, ſtored my memory with deeper obſervations; reſtrained me from the uſual puerile expences, by remarking that *many a little made a mickle*; and, when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *brag was a good dog, but holdfaſt was a better*.

I was ſoon ſagacious enough to diſcover that I was not born to great wealth, and, having heard no other name for happineſs, was ſometimes inclined to repine at my condition. But my mother always relieved me, by ſaying, that there was money enough in the family, that *it was good to be of kin to*

means,

means, that I had nothing to do but to pleaſe, my friends and I might come to hold up my head with the beſt ſquire in the country.

THESE ſplendid expectations aroſe from our alliance to three perſons of conſiderable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady, who, when ſhe died, rewarded her officiouſneſs and fidelity with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom one had broken his indentures and ran to ſea, from whence after an abſence of thirty years, he returned with ten thouſand pounds; and the other had lured an heireſs out of a window, who dying of her firſt child, had left him her eſtate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preſerve from poachers that game which he could not kill himſelf.

THESE hoarders of money were viſited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received preſents and compliments from couſins who could ſcarcely tell the degree of their relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope, that we ſhould by degrees eaſily ſup-

plant our competitors. My father, by his profeſſion, made himſelf neceſſary in their affairs; for the ſailor and the chambermaid, he enquired out mortgages and ſecurities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himſelf to the old woman, who once raſhly lent a hundred pounds without conſulting him, by informing her, that her debtor was on the point of bankrupcy, and poſting ſo expeditiouſly with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

To the 'ſquire he was a kind of ſteward, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his office by his addreſs in raiſing the rents, his inflexibility in diſtreſſing the tardy tenants, and his acuteneſs in ſetting the pariſh free from burthenſome inhabitants, by ſhifting them off to ſome other ſettlement.

Business made frequent attendance neceſſary; truſt ſoon produced intimacy; and ſucceſs gave a claim to kindneſs; ſo that we had opportunity to practiſe all the arts of flattery and endearment. My mother, who could not ſupport the thought of loſing any thing, determined, that all their fortunes ſhould cen-

ter

ter in me; and in the profecution of her ſchemes took care to inform me that *nothing coſts leſs than good words*, and that it is comfortable to leap into an eſtate which another has got.

She trained me by theſe precepts to the utmoſt ductility of obedience, and the cloſeſt attention to profit. At an age when other boys are ſporting in the fields, or murmuring in the ſchool, I was contriving ſome new method of paying my court; enquiring the age of my future benefactors; or conſidering how I ſhould employ their legacies.

If our eagerneſs of money could have been ſatisfied with the poſſeſſions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impoſſible to be always preſent with all three, our competitors were buſy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and ſince there was not on any part ſuch ſuperiority of merit as could enforce a conſtant and unſhaken preference, whoever was the laſt that flattered or obliged had for a time the aſcendant.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courtesy, took care to miss no occasion of condolence or congratulation, and sent presents at stated times, but had in their hearts not much esteem for one another. The seaman looked with contempt upon the squire as a milksop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compass, or seeing any part of the world beyond the county-town; and, whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropicks, would scarcely tell him the hour without some mention of the horizon and meridian, nor shew him the news without detecting his ignorance of the situation of other countries.

The squire considered the sailor as a rude uncultivated savage with little more of human than his form, and diverted himself with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could persuade him to go into the field, he always exposed him to the sportsmen, by sending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be present at the races, only that he might show the gentlemen how a sailor sat upon a horse.

The

THE old gentlewoman thought herſelf wiſer than both, for ſhe lived with no ſervant but a maid, and ſaved her money. The others were indeed ſufficiently frugal, but the ſquire could not live without dogs and horſes, and the ſailor never ſuffered the day to paſs but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a ſtory.

ALL theſe, however, I was to pleaſe; an arduous taſk, but what will not youth and avarice undertake? I had an unreſiſting ſuppleneſs of temper, and an inſatiable wiſh for riches; I was perpetually inſtigated by the ambition of my parents, and aſſiſted occaſionally by their inſtructions. What theſe advantages enabled me to perform, ſhall be told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPTATOR.

NUMB. 198. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 8, 1752.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis poſt fata daturum,
Si non inſanis, ſcis, Maro, quid cupiam.

MART.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU, who muſt have obſerved the inclination which almoſt every man, however unactive or inſignificant, diſcovers of repreſenting his life as diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary events, will not wonder that *Captator* thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for theſe to teaſe their companions with their hiſtory, who have neither done nor ſuffered any thing that can excite curioſity, or afford inſtruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the firſt eſſays of ſpeech, and had very early loſt every other paſſion in the deſire of money, I began my purſuit with omens of ſucceſs; for I divided

vided my officiouſneſs ſo judiciouſly among my relations, that I was equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures, when he went away I hung down my head, and ſometimes entreated to go with him with ſo much importunity, that I very narrowly eſcaped a conſent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together I had a harder taſk, but plied them ſo impartially with careſſes, that none could charge me with neglect, and when they were wearied with my fondneſs and civilities, I was always diſmiſſed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a ſtand, the years of innocence and prattle were ſoon at an end, and other qualifications were neceſſary to recommend me to continuance of kindneſs. It luckily happened, that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The ſailor hated to ſee tall boys ſhut up in a ſchool, when they might more properly be ſeeing the world and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the firſt rules of arithmetick were known, all that was neceſſary to make a

man complete might be learned on ſhip-board. The ſquire only inſiſted, that ſo much ſcholarſhip was indiſpenſably neceſſary, as might confer ability to draw a leaſe and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To unite as well as we could all their ſyſtems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe, that I followed his directions, and I gained likewiſe, as my mother obſerved, this advantage that I was always in the way, for ſhe had known many favourite children ſent to ſchools or academies and forgotten.

As I grew fitter to be truſted to my own diſcretion, I was often diſpatched upon various pretences to viſit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myſelf and drive away competitors.

I WAS, from my infancy, conſidered by the ſailor as a promiſing genius, becauſe I liked punch better than wine; and I took care to improve this prepoſſeſſion by continual enquiries

ries about the art of navigation, the degree of heat and cold in different climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers of ſhipwreck. I admired the courage of the ſeamen, and gained his heart by importuning him for a recital of his adventures; and a ſight of his foreign curioſities. I liſtened with an appearance of cloſe attention to ſtories which I could already repeat, and at the cloſe never failed to expreſs my reſolution to viſit diſtant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and drones that ſpend all their lives in their native pariſh; though I had in reality no deſire of any thing but money, nor ever felt the ſtimulations of curioſity or ardour of adventure, but would contentedly have paſſed the years of *Neſtor* in receiving rents, and lending upon mortgages.

THE ſquire I was able to pleaſe with leſs hypocriſy, for I really thought it pleaſant enough to kill the game and eat it. Some arts of falſhood however the *hunger of gold* perſuaded me to practiſe, by which, though no other miſchief was produced, the purity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the reverence for truth gradually deſtroyed. I ſometimes purchaſed fiſh and pretended to have caught them;

them; I hired the countrymen to ſhow me partridges, and then gave my uncle intelligence of their haunt; I learned the ſeats of hares at night, and diſcovered them in the morning with ſagacity that raiſed the wonder and envy of old ſportſmen. One only obſtruction to the advancement of my reputation I could never fully ſurmount; I was naturally a coward, and was therefore always left ſhamefully behind, when there was a neceſſity to leap a hedge, to ſwim a river, or force the horſes to their utmoſt ſpeed; but as theſe exigencies did not frequently happen, I maintained my honour with ſufficient ſucceſs, and was never left out of a hunting party.

The old chambermaid was not ſo certainly nor ſo eaſily pleaſed, for ſhe had no predominant paſſion but avarice, and was therefore cold and inacceſſible. She had no conception of any virtue in a young man but that of ſaving his money. When ſhe heard of my exploits in the field, ſhe would ſhake her head, and enquire how much I ſhould be the richer for all my performances, and lament, that ſo much ſhould be ſpent upon dogs and horſes. If the ſailor told her of my inclination

tion to travel, ſhe was ſure there was no place like *England*, and could not imagine why any man that can live in his own country ſhould leave it. This ſullen and frigid being I found means however to propitiate by frequent commendations of frugality, and perpetual care to avoid expence.

From the ſailor was our firſt and moſt conſiderable expectation; for he was richer than the chambermaid, and older than the ſquire. He was ſo aukward and baſhful among women, that we concluded him ſecure from matrimony, and the noiſy fondneſs with which he uſed to welcome me to his houſe, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midſt of our triumph my uncle ſaluted us one morning with a cry of tranſport, and clapping his hand hard on my ſhoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fit me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father told him, that he believed my conſtitution not fitted to the ſea; and my mother burſting into tears, cried out, that

that her heart would break if ſhe loſt me. All this had no effect, the ſailor was wholly inſuſceptive of the ſofter paſſions, and without regard to tears or arguments perſiſted in his reſolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends, with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the higheſt ſtrains of gratitude; and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirſt of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure, I fell ſick by my mother's direction, and refuſed all food but what ſhe privately brought me; whenever my uncle viſited me I was lethargick or delirious, but took care in my raving fits to talk inceſſantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials and gallipots; my mother was with difficulty perſuaded not to endanger her life with nocturnal attendance; my father lamented the loſs of the profits of the voyage; and ſuch ſuperfluity of artifice was employed, as perhaps might have diſcovered the cheat to a man

of

of penetration. But the ſailor unacquainted with ſubtilties and ſtratagems was eaſily deluded, and as the ſhip could not ſtay for my recovery, ſold the cargo, and left me to reeſtabliſh my health at leiſure.

I WAS ſent to regain my fleſh in a purer air leſt it ſhould appear never to have been waſted, and in two months returned to deplore my diſappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myſelf againſt next year, for no land-lubber ſhould ever touch his money.

A REPRIEVE however was obtained, and perhaps ſome new ſtratagem might have ſucceeded another ſpring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who to promote ſo advantageous a match, diſcovered the ſecret with which only ſhe had been entruſted. He ſtormed, and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his ſubſtance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

COWARDICE

Cowardice is always ſcorned, and deceit univerſally deteſted. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at leaſt cooled in their affection; the ſquire, though he did not wholly diſcard me, was leſs fond, and often enquired when I would go to ſea. I was obliged to bear his inſults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindneſs by aſſiduity and reſpect, but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the eſtate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to ſpend in flattery and attendance thoſe years in which I might have been qualified to place myſelf above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any uſeful art or generous ſentiment, and, if the old woman ſhould likewiſe at laſt deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

I am, &c.

CAPTATOR.

NUMB. 199. TUESDAY, *Feb.* 11, 1752.

Decolor, obſcurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Ceſariem Regum, nec candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec inſigni ſplendet per cingula morſu;
Sed nova ſi nigri videas miracula Saxi,
Tunc ſuperat pulchros cultus, & quicquid Eois
Indus Littoribus rubra ſcrutatur in alga.

CLAUDIANUS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you have ſeldom digreſſed from moral ſubjects, I ſuppoſe you are not ſo rigorous or cynical as to deny the value or uſefulneſs of natural philoſophy; or to have lived in this age of enquiry and experiment, without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the pokers of magnetiſm and the wheels of electricity. At leaſt, I may be allowed to hope that ſince nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than Envy, you will not refuſe to promote the

the happineſs of others, merely becauſe you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

In confidence therefore that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer you the honour of introducing an adept to the notice of the publick; an adept, who having long laboured for the benefit of mankind is not willing, like too many of his predeceſſors, to conceal his ſecrets in the grave.

Many have ſignalized themſelves by melting their eſtates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge, and the gratitude of poſterity will atteſt, that neither mind nor body have been ſpared. I have ſat whole weeks without ſleep by the ſide of an athanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the firſt experiment in nineteen diving engines of new conſtruction; I have fallen eleven times ſpeechleſs under the ſhock of electricity; I have twice diſlocated my limbs, and once fractured my ſkull in eſſaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by ſubmitting to the transfuſion of blood.

In

In the firſt period of my ſtudies, I exerted the powers of my body more than thoſe of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchaſed by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been ſhattered by ſome violent experiments, and conſtrained to confine myſelf to my books, I paſſed ſix and thirty years in ſearching the treaſures of ancient wiſdom, but am at laſt amply recompenſed for all my perſeverance.

The curioſity of the preſent race of philoſophers, after having been long exerciſed upon electricity, has been lately transferred to Magnetiſm; the qualities of the loadſtone have been inveſtigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applauſe; and as the higheſt praiſe of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artificial magnets celebrated or reverenced above their deſerts.

I have for ſome time employed myſelf in the ſame practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extenſive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raiſing weights, or buſying themſelves with inclination

inclination and variation, I have been examining those qualities of magnetism which may be applied to the accommodation and happiness of common life. I have left to inferior Understandings the care of conducting the sailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reserved to myself the more difficult and illustrious province of preserving the connubial compact from violation, and setting mankind free for ever from the danger of supposititious children, and from the torments of fruitless vigilance and anxious suspicion.

To defraud any man of his due praise is unworthy of a philosopher. I shall therefore openly confess, that I owe the first hint of this inestimable secret to the rabbi *Abraham Ben Hannase*, who in his treatise of precious stones, has left this account of the magnet הקאלאמיטא, &c. "The calamita or load-"stone that attracts iron produces many bad "fantasies in man. Women fly from this "stone. If therefore any husband be di-"sturbed with jealousy, and fear lest his wife "converses with other men, let him lay this "stone upon her while she is asleep. If she "be pure, she will, when she wakes, clasp

"her

"her husband fondly in her arms, but if "she be guilty, she will fall out of bed and "run away."

When first I read this wonderful passage, I could not easily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in such a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would surely be unjust to suspect that any of the candidates are strangers to the name or works of rabbi *Abraham*, or to conclude from a late edict of the royal society in favour of the *English* language, that philosophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet how should a quality so useful, escape promulgation but by the obscurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footmen, and chambermaids paid on every side for keeping secrets, which no caution nor expence could secure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or why are so many witnesses summoned, and so many artifices practised to discover what so easy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of *Abraham* to a friend, who advised me not to expose my life by a mad indulgence of the love

love of fame; he warned me by the fate of *Orpheus*, what knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; assured me that neither the armour of *Achilles*, nor the antidote of *Mithridates*, would be able to preserve me; and counselled me, if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquisition of universal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal, and the danger certainly be less.

I, a solitary student, pretend not to much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it so generally corrupt, as that a scheme for the detection of incontinence, should bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myself with hopes of defence from the men, I shall certainly find myself deserted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, said he, some will be afraid of sharing the disgrace of their mothers; and some the danger of their mistresses, of those who are married, part are already convinced of the falshood of their wives, and part shut their

their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever ſought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almoſt every man is careleſs or timorous, and to truſt is ſafer than to examine.

THESE obſervations diſcouraged me, till I began to conſider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three claſſes of maids, wives, and widows, and cannot but hope that I may obtain ſome countenance among them. The ſingle ladies I ſuppoſe univerſally ready to patronize my method, by which connubial wickedneſs may be detected, ſince no woman marries with a previous deſign to be unfaithful to her huſband. And to keep them ſteady in my cauſe, I promiſe never to ſell one of my magnets to a man who ſteals a girl from ſchool; marries a woman forty years younger than himſelf; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own conſent.

AMONG the married ladies, notwithſtanding the inſinuations of ſlander, I yet reſolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends,

friends, and am at leaſt convinced, that they who demand the teſt and appear on my ſide, will ſupply by their ſpirit the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will ſhrink and quake at the ſight of a magnet, as the ſlaves of *Scythia* fled from the ſcourge.

THE widows will be confederated in my favour by their curioſity, if not by their virtue; for it may be obſerved, that women who have out-lived their huſbands, always think themſelves entitled to ſuperintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themſelves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I ſhall expect them to be eminently and unanimouſly zealous in recommending it.

WITH theſe hopes I ſhall, in a ſhort time, offer to ſale magnets armed with a particular metallick compoſition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet in common operations depends much upon its armature, and it cannot be imagined, that, a ſtone, naked or caſed only in the common manner, will diſcover the virtues aſcribed to it by rabbi *Abraham*. The

ſecret

ſecret of this metal I ſhall carefully conceal, and, therefore, am not afraid of imitators, nor ſhall trouble the offices with ſolicitations for a patent.

I SHALL ſell them of different ſizes, and various degrees of ſtrength. I have ſome of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as ſcare-crows, and ſome ſo ſmall that they may be eaſily concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and ſome for the curious, I have ſet in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an atteſtation of their innocence. Some I can produce ſo ſluggiſh and inert, that they will not act before the third failure; and others ſo vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence againſt unlawful wiſhes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice, honeſtly to tell my cuſtomers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice of the delicacy of their ſentiments. Many have been contented to ſpare coſt by purchaſing only the loweſt degree of efficacy, and all have ſtarted with terror from thoſe which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a

ring of the ſtrongeſt energy, and declared, that ſhe ſcorned to ſeparate her wiſhes from her acts, or allow herſelf to think what ſhe was forbidden to practiſe.

I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

NUMB. 200. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 15, 1752.

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Seneca, quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat
Largiri, nempe et titulis et faſcibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria; ſolum
Poſcimus ut cænes civiliter; hoc face, et eſto
Eſto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis.

Juv.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

SUCH is the tenderneſs or infirmity of many minds, that when any affliction oppreſſes them, they have immediate recourſe to

to lamentation and complaint, which, though it can only be allowed reaſonable when evils admit of remedy, and then only when addreſſed to thoſe from whom the remedy is expected, yet ſeems even in hopeleſs and incurable diſtreſſes to be natural, ſince thoſe by whom it is not indulged, imagine that they give a proof of extraordinary fortitude by ſuppreſſing it.

I AM one of thoſe who, with the *Sancho* of *Cervantes*, leave to higher characters the merit of ſuffering in ſilence, and give vent without ſcruple to any ſorrow that ſwells in my heart. It is therefore to me a ſevere aggravation of a calamity, when it is ſuch as in the common opinion will not juſtify the acerbity of exclamation, or ſupport the ſolemnity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be perſuaded to pity, and which, when they are ſeparated from their peculiar and perſonal circumſtances, will never be conſidered as important enough to claim attention, or deſerve redreſs.

Of this kind will appear to groſs and vulgar apprehenſions, the miſeries which I endured in a morning viſit to *Proſpero*, a man lately raiſed by a lucky project to wealth and grandeur, and too much intoxicated by ſudden elevation, or too little poliſhed by thought and converſation to enjoy his preſent fortune with elegance and decency.

We ſet out in the world together; and for a long time mutually aſſiſted each other in our exigencies, as either happened to have money or influence beyond his immediate neceſſities. You know that nothing generally endears men ſo much as participation of dangers and misfortunes, I therefore always conſidered *Proſpero* as united with me in the ſtrongeſt league of kindneſs, and imagined that our friendſhip was only to be broken by the hand of death. I felt at his ſudden ſhoot of ſucceſs an honeſt and diſintereſted joy, but as I want no part of his ſuperfluities, am not willing to deſcend from that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

Our intimacy was regarded by me as a diſpenſation from ceremonial viſits; and it was

was ſo long before I ſaw him at his new houſe, that he gently complained of my neglect, and obliged me to come on a day appointed. I kept my promiſe, but found that the impatience of my friend aroſe not from any deſire to communicate his happineſs, but to enjoy his ſuperiority.

When I told my name at the door; the footman went to ſee if his maſter was at home, and, by the tardineſs of his return, gave me reaſon to ſuſpect that time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that *Proſpero* deſired my company and ſhowed the ſtaircaſe carefully ſecured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The beſt apartments were oſtentatiouſly ſet open, that I might have a diſtant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach, and my old friend receiving me with all the inſolence of condeſcenſion at the top of the ſtairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfaſted when he had not great company.

On the floor where we ſat, lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which *Proſpero* or-

dered his ſervant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightneſs of the colours, and the elegance of the texture, and aſked me whether I had ever ſeen any thing ſo fine before. I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bad the footman let down the cloth.

We then ſat down, and I began to hope that pride was glutted with perſecution, when *Proſpero* deſired that I would give the ſervant leave to adjuſt the cover of my chair, which was ſlipt a little aſide to ſhow the damaſk; he informed me that he had beſpoke ordinary chairs for common uſe, but had been diſappointed by his tradeſman. I put the chair aſide with my foot, and drew another ſo haſtily that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfast was at laſt ſet, and as I was not willing to indulge the peeviſhneſs that began to ſeize me, I commended the tea; *Proſpero* then told me, that another time I ſhould taſte his fineſt ſort, but that he had only a very ſmall quantity remaining, and reſerved

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it for thoſe whom he thought himſelf obliged to treat with particular reſpect.

WHILE we were converſing upon ſuch ſubjects as imagination happened to ſuggeſt, he frequently digreſſed into directions to the ſervant that waited, or made a ſlight enquiry after the jeweller or ſilverſmith; and once as I was purſuing an argument with ſome degree of earneſtneſs, he ſtarted from his poſture of attention, and ordered, that if lord *Lofty* called on him that morning, he ſhould be ſhewn into the beſt parlour.

MY patience was not yet wholly ſubdued. I was willing to promote his ſatisfaction, and therefore obſerved, that the figures on the china were eminently pretty. *Proſpero* had now an opportunity of calling for his *Dreſden* china, which, ſays he, I always aſſociate with my chaſed tea-kettle. The cups were brought; I was once diſpoſed not to have looked upon them, but my curioſity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, *Proſpero* deſired me to ſet them down, for they who were accuſtomed only to common diſhes, ſeldom handled china with much care. You will,

I hope, commend my philoſophy, when I tell you that I did not daſh his baubles to the ground.

He was now ſo much elevated with his own greatneſs, that he thought ſome humility neceſſary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me with an air of ſoft compoſure, that I was not to eſtimate life by external appearance, that all theſe ſhining acquiſitions had added little to his happineſs, that he ſtill remembered with pleaſure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often in the moment of reflection been doubtful, whether he ſhould loſe much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid leſt his pride ſhould, by ſilence and ſubmiſſion, be emboldened to inſults that could not eaſily be born, and, therefore, cooly conſidered, how I ſhould repreſs it without ſuch bitterneſs of repoof as I was yet unwilling to uſe. But he interrupted my meditation by aſking leave to be dreſſed, and told me, that he had promiſed to attend ſome ladies in the park, and, if I was going the ſame way, would take me in his chariot.

I had

I had no inclination to any other favours, and, therefore, left him without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding.

I am, &c.

ASPER.

THOUGH I am not wholly insensible of the provocations which my correspondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenness of his resentment, nor encourage him to persist in his resolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of *Pythagoras* directs that *a friend should not be hated for little faults*; and surely, he, upon whom nothing worse can be charged, than that he mats his stairs, and covers his carpet, and sets out his finery to show before those whom he does not admit to use it, has yet committed nothing that should exclude him from common degrees of kindness. Such improprieties often proceed rather from stupidity than malice. Those who thus shine only to dazzle, are influenced merely by custom and example, and neither examine, nor are qualified to exa-

mine, the motives of their own practice, or to ſtate the nice limits between elegance and oſtentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and inſult others when they have no worſe purpoſe than to pleaſe themſelves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of thoſe with whom nature and virtue oblige us to converſe, ſome are ignorant of the arts of pleaſing, and offend when they deſign to careſs; ſome are negligent, and gratify themſelves without regard to the quiet of another; ſome, perhaps, are malicious, and feel no greater ſatisfaction in proſperity, than that of raiſing envy and trampling inferiority. But whatever be the motive of inſult, it is always beſt to overlook it, for folly ſcarcely can deſerve reſentment, and malice is puniſhed by neglect.

NUMB. 201. TUESDAY, *Feb.* 18, 1752.

——— *Sanctus haberi*
Promiſſique tenax dictis factiſque mereris?
Agnoſco Procerem. JUV.

IT is obſerved in the writings of *Boyle*, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with ſome peculiar advantages, which though ſingly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

THERE are in like manner ſeveral moral excellencies diſtributed among the various claſſes of mankind, which he that converſes in the world ſhould endeavour to aſſemble in himſelf. It was ſaid by the learned *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which

which he was not inſtructed; and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

EVERY profeſſion has ſome eſſential and appropriate Virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or ſucceſs, and which as it is more or leſs cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting in one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, the topicks of praiſe and ſatire are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of our lives has diſpoſed us to admire or abhor;

hor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own improvement, muſt not ſuffer his endeavours to be limited by local reputation, but ſelect from every tribe of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

THE chief praiſe to which a trader generally aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial promiſes and engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which, however uſeful and valuable, many ſeem content to want; it is conſidered as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

EVERY man has daily occaſion to remark what vexations and inconveniences ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the

the reſtraints of truth, that promiſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

NEGLIGENCE is firſt admitted in trivial affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

THIS laxity of honour would be more tolerable if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, uncertainty, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for the ſofter pleaſures of life, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how

how wide it ſhall be made; when a paſſage is opened, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

ALIGER entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untainted principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of converſation; his elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at leaſt he found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhown to a young man whoſe birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his privileges. *Aliger* was pleaſed with this general ſmile of mankind, and being naturally gentle and flexible was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual in the rudiments of vice, with perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning, with confuſion and excuſes. His companions not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety; till by degrees, he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſhood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquility, and has often, while he ſunk to ſleep in a chair, held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

He found it ſo pleaſant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he ſoon diſmiſſed his attention as an uſeleſs incumbrance, and reſigned himſelf to careleſneſs and diſſipation, without any regard

regard to the future or the paſt, or any other motive of action than the impulſe of a ſudden deſire, or the attraction of immediate pleaſure. The abſent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears of others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in ſpeculation compleatly juſt, but never kept his promiſe to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived thoſe friends whom he undertook to patronize or aſſiſt; he was prudent, but ſuffered his affairs to be embarraſſed for want of ſettling his accounts at ſtated times. He courted a young lady, and when the ſettlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to ſign them. He reſolved to travel, and ſent his cheſts on ſhipboard, but delayed to follow them till he loſt his paſſage. He was ſummoned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was paſt. It is ſaid, that when he had with great expence formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived by ſome agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others leſs kind or civil, would eſcape. His courteſy invites application, his promiſes produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or buſy; his friends loſe their opportunities, and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

This character however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

NUMB. 202. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 22, 1752.

Πρὸς ἅπαντα δειλὸς ἐςὶν ὁ πένης πράγματα,
Καὶ πάντας αὐτῦ καταφρονεῖν ὑπολαμβάνει.
Ὁ δὲ μετρίως πράττων περισκελέστερον
Ἅπαντα τ' ἀννιαρὰ, Δαμπρία, φέρει.

CALLIMACHUS.

AMONG those who have endeavoured the promotion of learning, and the rectification of judgment, it has been long customary to complain of the abuse of words, which are often admitted to signify things so different, that, instead of assisting the understanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, dissention, and perplexity, because what is affirmed in one sense, is received in another.

IF this ambiguity sometimes embarrasses the most solemn controversies, and obscures the demonstrations of science, it may well be expected to infest the pompous periods of declaimers, whose purpose is often only to amuse with fallacies, and change the colours

lours of truth and falſhood; or the muſical compoſitions of poets, whoſe ſtile is profeſſedly figurative, and whoſe art is imagined to conſiſt in diſtorting words from their original meaning.

THERE are few words, of which more readers believe themſelves to know the import than of *poverty*, yet whoever ſtudies the poets and philoſophers, will find ſuch an account of the condition expreſſed by that term as his experience or obſervation will not eaſily diſcover to be true. Inſtead of the meanneſs, diſtreſs, complaint, anxiety, and dependance which have hitherto been combined in his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and chearfulneſs, of health, and ſafety, tranquility, and freedom; of pleaſures not known but to men unencumbered with poſſeſſions; and of ſleep that ſheds his balſamick anodynes only on the cottage. Such are the bleſſings to be obtained by the reſignation of riches, that kings might deſcend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to ſlumber undiſturbed in the elyſium of poverty.

If these authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more absurd than that perpetual contest for wealth which keeps the world in commotion, and fills almost every mind with stratagems and competition; nor can any complaints be more justly censured than those which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great masters of moral wisdom to consider as golden shackles, by which the wearer is at once disabled and adorned; as luscious poisons which may for a time please the palate, but soon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists and attendants, of flatterers and spies.

But it will be found upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happiness of poverty, do not mean the same state with those who deplore its miseries. Poets have their imagi-

nations

nations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accuſtomed to contemplate the downfal of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentation for monarchs in diſtreſs, rank all the claſſes of mankind in a ſtate of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor in the epick language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, not to have fleets and armies in pay.

VANITY has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of ſtile. He that wiſhes to become a philoſopher at a cheap rate, eaſily gratifies his ambition by ſubmitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boaſting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would ſhow the extent of his views, and grandeur of his conceptions, or diſcover his acquaintance with ſplendor and magnificence, may talk like *Cowley* of an humble ſtation and quiet obſcurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniencies of ſuperfluity, and at laſt, like him, limit his deſires to five hundred pounds a year: A fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes

comes a philoſopher to affix the name of poverty, ſince no man can with any propriety be termed poor, who does not ſee the greater part of mankind richer than himſelf.

As little is the general condition of human life underſtood by panegyriſts and hiſtorians, who amuſe us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and ſages. Riches are of no value in themſelves, their uſe is diſcovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unleſs by a few narrow underſtandings which confound the means with the end, but for the ſake of power, influence, and eſteem; or, by ſome of leſs elevated and refined ſentiments, as neceſſary to ſenſual enjoyment.

The pleaſures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to deſpiſe, even when affluence and idleneſs have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make conſiſtent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Eſteem and influence every man deſires, but they are equally pleaſing, and equal-

ly

ly valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of securing them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, since he has all that riches can purchase to a wise man. *Cincinnatus*, though he lived upon a few acres cultivated by his own hand, was sufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was such that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take absolute command into his hand; nor was *Diogenes* much mortified by his residence in a tub, where he was honoured with the visit of *Alexander* the great.

The same fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terrestrial possessions, and precluding himself by an irrevocable vow from the pursuit and acquisition of all that his fellow beings consider as worthy of wishes and endeavours, we are immediately struck with the purity, abstraction, and firmness of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in securing the interests of futurity, and devoid of any other care than

than to gain at whatever price the ſureſt paſſage to eternal reſt.

YET what can the votary be juſtly ſaid to have loſt of his preſent happineſs. If he reſides in a convent, he converſes only with men whoſe condition is the ſame with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the neceſſaries of life, and is ſafe from that *deſtitution, which* Hooker declares to be *ſuch an impediment to virtue as, till it be removed, ſuffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care.* All temptations to envy and competition are ſhut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the ſight of unattainable dignity, nor inſulted with the bluſter of inſolence, or the ſmile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the ſanctity of his character amply compenſates all other diſtinctions, he is never ſeen but with reverence, nor heard but with obedience.

IT has been remarked, that death, though often defied in the field, ſeldom fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of ſickneſs in its natural horror; ſo poverty may eaſily

be endured, while associated with dignity and reputation, but will always be shunned and dreaded, when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

NUMB. 203. TUESDAY, *Feb.* 25, 1752.

Cum velet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti Spatium mihi finiat ævi.

OVID.

IT seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiences by recollection or anticipation.

EVERY one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour,

deavour, or wiſh, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repoſe upon real facts, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reaſon among many, why age delights in narratives.

BUT ſo full is the world of calamity, that every ſource of pleaſure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity diſturbed. When time has ſupplied us with events ſufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with ſo many diſaſters, that we ſhrink from their remembrance, dread their intruſion upon our minds, and fly from them to company and diverſions.

No man paſt the middle point of life can ſit down to feaſt upon the pleaſures of youth without finding the banquet imbittered by the cup of ſorrow. Many days of harmleſs frolick, or nights of honeſt feſtivity will perhaps recur; he may revive lucky accidents, and pleaſing extravagancies; or, if he has been engaged in ſcenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and viciſſitudes of fortune, may enjoy the nobler pleaſure of looking back upon diſtreſs firmly ſup-

ported, danger resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. *Eneas* properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a storm they have landed on an unknown and desolate country, with the hope that their miseries will be at some distant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproached us with cowardice, nor guilt.

But this felicity is almost always abated by the reflection, that they, with whom we should be most pleased to share it, are now in the grave. A few years make such havock in human generations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigues endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprise, recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced at the close of the relation to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success; he that passes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has quickly his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wits, whose spright-

sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence; the trader whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, when he sits down to enjoy his fortune, repines in solitary plenty at the absence of companions with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the scholar whose merit, after a long series of efforts raises him from obscurity, looks round in vain from his exultation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

AMONG *Martial*'s requisites to happiness is, *Res non parta labore sed relicta*, an estate not gained by industry but left by inheritance. It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained, for whatever comes at the close of life, will come too late to give much delight. Yet all human happiness, has its imperfections. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any encrease of self esteem; what we acquire by

bravery or ſcience, by mental or corporeal diligence, comes at laſt when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

THUS every period of life is obliged to borrow its happineſs from the time to come. In youth we have nothing paſt to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retroſpect but hopeleſs ſorrow. Yet the future likewiſe has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we know to be not far diſtant. The loſs of our friends and companions, impreſſes hourly upon us the neceſſity of our own departure: We know that the ſchemes of man are quickly at an end, that we muſt ſoon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, ſhall be driven awhile by hope or fear about the ſurface of the earth, and then like us be loſt in the ſhades of death.

BEYOND this termination of our corporeal exiſtence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes, and almoſt every man indulges his imagination with ſomething, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of exiſtence:

ſilence: Some amuſe themſelves with entails and ſettlements, provide for the encreaſe and perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the diſſipation of the fortunes, which it has been their buſineſs to accumulate: Others more refined or exalted congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of diſtant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced poſterity.

THEY whoſe ſouls are ſo chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a ſtate in which they ſhall look upon them with leſs ſolicitude, are ſeldom attentive to remonſtrance, or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be fitly called to reconſider the probability of their expectations.

WHETHER to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh, has not yet been ſatisfactorily decided, and indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to ſo ſmall a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little intereſt in the queſtion. There

is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity, or meaſure of renown. The neceſſary buſineſs of life, the immediate plea-ſures or pains of every condition, leave us not leiſure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our preſent welfare. When this vacuity is filled no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of ſome that muſt be thruſt into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by loſing ſight of thoſe which are now before it.

REPUTATION is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and diſappears for ever; and if we except a few tranſcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to ſuppreſs; all thoſe that engage our thoughts, or diverſify our converſation, are every moment haſting to obſcurity, as new favourites are adopted by faſhion.

IT is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can procede, to cheer the gloom

gloom of the laſt hour. But futurity has ſtill its proſpects; there is yet happineſs in reſerve, which, if we tranſfer our attention to it, will ſupport us in the pains of diſeaſe, and the languor of decay. This happineſs we may expect with confidence, becauſe it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that ſincerely deſire and earneſtly purſue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to reſt. Hope is the chief bleſſing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

NUMB. 204. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 29, 1752.

Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Craſtinum ut poſſit ſibi pollicari. SENECA.

SEGED lord of *Ethiopia*, to the inhabitants of the world: To the ſons of *preſumption*, humility, and fear, and to the daughters of *ſorrow*, content and acquieſcence.

Thus in the twenty-ſeventh year of his reign, ſpoke *Seged*, the monarch of forty nations, the diſtributer of the waters of the *Nile*.

"At length, *Seged*, thy toils are at an end, "thou haſt reconciled diſaffection, thou haſt "ſuppreſſed rebellion, thou haſt pacified the "jealouſies of thy courtiers, thou haſt chaſed "war from thy confines, and erected fortreſſes in the lands of thy enemies. All "who have offended thee, tremble in thy "preſence, and wherever thy voice is heard, "it is obeyed. Thy throne is ſurrounded by "armies, numerous as the locuſts of the "ſummer, and reſiſtleſs as the blaſts of peſtilence. Thy magazines are ſtored with "ammunition, thy treaſuries overflow with "the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence "glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the "earthquake that ſhakes the mountains, and "thy ſmile as the dawn of the vernal day. "In thy hand is the ſtrength of thouſands, "and thy health is the health of millions. "Thy palace is gladdened by the ſong of "praiſe, and thy path perfumed by the breath "of benediction. Thy ſubjects gaze upon "thy greatneſs, and think of danger or miſery

"fery no more. Why, *Seged*, wilt not "thou partake the bleſſings thou beſtoweſt? "Why ſhouldſt thou only forbear to rejoice "in this general felicity? Why ſhould thy "heart be heavy with fear, or thy face cloud- "ed with anxiety, when the meaneſt of "thoſe who call thee ſovereign, gives the "day to feſtivity, and the night to peace. "At length, *Seged*, reflect and be wiſe. "What is the gift of conqueſt but ſafety, "why are riches collected but to purchaſe "happineſs?"

SEGED then ordered his houſe of pleaſure, built in an iſland of the lake *Dambia*, to be prepared for his reception. "I will "retire, ſays he, for ten days from tumult "and care, from counſels and decrees. Long "quiet is not the lot of the governors of na- "tions, but a ceſſation of ten days cannot be "denied me. This ſhort interval of happi- "neſs, may ſurely be ſecured from the inter- "ruption of fear or perplexity, ſorrow or "diſappointment. I will exclude all trouble "from my abode, and remove from my "thoughts whatever may confuſe the harmo- "ny of the concert, or abate the ſweetneſs

"of

"of the banquet. I will fill the whole capa-
"city of my ſoul with enjoyment, and try
"what it is to live without a wiſh unſa-
"tiſfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and *Seged* haſted to the palace of *Dumbia*, which ſtood in an iſland cultivated only for pleaſure, planted with every flower that ſpreads its colours to the ſun, and every ſhrub that ſheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extenſive garden, were open walks for excurſions in the morning, in another, thick groves, and ſilent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repoſe at noon. All that could ſolace the ſenſe, or flatter the fancy, all that induſtry could extort from nature, or wealth furniſh to art, all that conqueſt could ſeize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region *Seged* ſummoned all the perſons of his court, who ſeemed eminently qualified to receive, or communicate pleaſure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were

were all in haſte to be ſated with felicity. They ſailed jocund over the lake, which ſeemed to ſmooth its ſurface before them: Their paſſage was cheered with muſick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

SEGED landing here with his band of pleaſure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with diſcontent, to give his heart for ten days to eaſe and jollity, and then fall back to the common ſtate of man, and ſuffer his life to be diverſified, as before, with joy and ſorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to conſider where he ſhould begin his circle of happineſs. He had all the artiſts of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, ſince he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He choſe and rejected, he reſolved and changed his reſolution, till his faculties were harraſſed, and his thoughts confuſed; then returned to the apartment where his preſence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and ſpread the infection of uneaſineſs over the whole aſſembly. He obſerved their dejection,

and

and was offended, for he found his vexation encreased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquility, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. "Such, said *Seged* sighing, is "the longer day of human existence: Be- "fore we have learned to use it, we find it "at an end."

THE regret, which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all inclination to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured for the sake of his attendants to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down upon his bed, to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

HE rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon

upon the gate of the palace an edict importing, that whoever, during nine days, ſhould appear in the preſence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expreſſion of diſcontent or ſorrow, ſhould be driven for ever from the palace of *Dumbia*.

THIS edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or ſinging in the ſhades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that *Seged* might find his will punctually obeyed, and ſee none among them liable to baniſhment.

SEGED now met every face ſettled in a ſmile; but a ſmile that betrayed ſolicitude, timidity, and conſtraint. He accoſted his favourites with familiarity and ſoftneſs; but they durſt not ſpeak without premeditation, leſt they ſhould be convicted of diſcontent or ſorrow. He propoſed diverſions, to which no objection was made, becauſe objection would have implied uneaſineſs; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who

who had no other deſire than to ſignalize themſelves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of converſation, but obtained only forced jeſts, and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate them to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confeſs to himſelf the impotence of command, and reſign another day to grief and diſappointment.

He at laſt relieved his companions from their terrors, and ſhut himſelf up in his chamber to aſcertain, by ſome different meaſures, the felicity of the ſucceeding days. At length, he threw himſelf on the bed and cloſed his eyes, but imagined in his ſleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man ſtruggling in the water. He compoſed himſelf again to reſt, but was diſturbed by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and ſtriving, as is uſual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himſelf betrayed to his enemies, and again ſtarted up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy or ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harrassed by a dream; but before this resolution could be completely formed, half the day had elapsed: He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of all human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the frailty and weakness of that being, whose quiet could be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he was afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and, that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and *Seged* again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

NUMB.

NUMB. 205. TUESDAY, *March* 3, 1752.

——— Velut ambiguis
Mobilis aliis hora, nec ulli
Præstat velox Fortuna fidem. SEN.

ON the fourth morning *Seged* rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

THUS

THUS the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: But having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. *Seged* beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

SEGED had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon.

upon the hour of delight and tranquility. He had however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident, which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

THAT he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from control. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantry, by proposing prizes for those who should on the following day distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antichamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands, decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

AT this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when *Seged* entered in

hopes

hopes of uncommon entertainment from univerſal emulation, he found that any paſſion too ſtrongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquility which is neceſſary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, muſt be firſt ſmoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wiſh to gain, we muſt in the ſame degree be afraid to loſe, and fear and pleaſure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and ſolicitude. Nothing was done or ſpoken, but with ſo viſible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it ſometimes forced admiration: And *Seged* could not but obſerve with ſorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himſelf. As the evening approached, the conteſt grew more earneſt, and thoſe who were forced to allow themſelves excelled, began to diſcover the malignity of defeat, firſt by angry glances, and at laſt by contemptuous murmurs. *Seged* likewiſe ſhared the anxiety of the day, for conſidering himſelf as obliged to diſtribute with exact juſtice the prizes which had been ſo zealouſly ſought, he durſt never remit his attention, but paſſed

his

his time in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last knowing, that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

SEGED saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here, said *Seged*, the condition of him who places his happiness in "the happiness of others." He then retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining

repining at his distresses, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

THE next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

THIS relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring to himself: "What merit has "*Segad* above us, that we should thus fear "and obey him, a man, whom, whatever "he may have formerly performed, his luxury "now shews to have the same weakness with "ourselves." This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting that what

was

was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

THE remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of *Seged* till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of *Goiama*. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which having in vain tried to pacify them

done by perſuaſion, he was forced to ſilence by command.

On the eighth morning *Seged* was awakened early by an unuſual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cauſe, was told, that the princeſs *Balkis* was ſeized with ſickneſs. He roſe, and calling the phyſicians found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: All his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whoſe eyes he cloſed on the tenth day.

SUCH were the days which *Seged* of *Ethiopia* had appropriated to a ſhort reſpiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may preſume to ſay, "This day ſhall "be a day of happineſs."

NUMB. 206. SATURDAY, *March* 7, 1752.

—— Propoſiti nondum pudet, atque eadem eſt mens,
Ut bona ſumma putes, aliena vivere quadra.
JUV.

WHEN *Diogenes* was once aſked, what kind of wine he liked beſt? He anſwered; "That which is drunk at the coſt "of others."

THOUGH the character of *Diogenes* has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who reſemble him in his taſte of wine; many who are frugal, though not abſtemious; whoſe appetites, though too powerful for reaſon, are kept under reſtraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies loſe their flavour, when they cannot be obtained but at their own expence.

NOTHING produces more ſingularity of manners and inconſtancy of life, than the conflict of oppoſite vices in the ſame mind. He

He that uniformly purſues any purpoſe, whether good or bad, has a ſettled principle of action, and as he may always find aſſociates who are travelling the ſame way, is countenanced by example, and ſheltered in the multitude; but he that is actuated at once by contrary deſires muſt move in a direction peculiar to himſelf, and ſuffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to beſtow on thoſe who differ from the reſt of the world, even without enquiring whether they are worſe or better.

YET this conflict of deſires ſometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetch'd diſhes, or ſurfeit with unexhauſted variety, and yet practiſe the moſt rigid oeconomy, is ſurely an art which may juſtly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whoſe induſtry or judgment, has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the cheſts, or mortgage the manors of his anceſtors, that he may hire the miniſters of exceſs at the higheſt price, gluttony is an eaſy ſcience; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury, boaſting of the elegance which they owe to the taſte of others, relating with rap-

ture the ſucceſſion of diſhes with which their cooks and caterers ſupply them; and expecting their ſhare of praiſe with the diſcoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to ſhorten the way to convivial happineſs, by eating without coſt, is a ſecret hitherto in few hands, but which certainly deſerves the curioſity of thoſe whoſe principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who ſee the ſun riſe with no other hope than that they ſhall fill their bellies before it ſets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this ſcheme of happineſs, the greater part have been immediately obliged to deſiſt; and ſome, whom their firſt attempts flattered with ſucceſs, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they were at laſt chaſed to make way for others, and having long habituated themſelves to ſuperfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in diſcontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine, that they ſhall never want a welcome to that company whoſe ideas they can enlarge,

enlarge, or whoſe imaginations they can elevate, and believe themſelves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion they crowd, with little invitation, wherever the ſmell of a feaſt allures them, but are ſeldom encouraged to repeat their viſits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as diſturbers of the company.

No man has been ſo happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houſes as *Guloſulus*, who, after thirty years of continual revelry, has now eſtabliſhed by uncontroverted preſcription his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whoſe preſence they who aſpire to the praiſe of a ſumptuous table, are careful to procure on a day of importance, by ſending the invitation a fortnight before.

GULOSULUS entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houſes, where perſons of rank reſorted. By being often ſeen, he became in time known; and from ſitting in the ſame room, was ſuffered to mix in idle con-

verſation, or aſſiſted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amuſement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-houſe he was ſometimes taken away to dinner; and, as no man refuſes the acquaintance of him, whom he ſees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with leſs difficulty found the way to more, till at laſt he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feaſt, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himſelf no inclination to retire from a life of ſo much pleaſure, and therefore very ſeriouſly conſidered how he might continue it. Great qualities or uncommon accompliſhments he did not find neceſſary to his deſign; for he had already ſeen that they whoſe merit is allowed rather enforce reſpect than attract fondneſs; and as he thought no folly greater than that of loſing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himſelf, that he had none of that diſguſting excellence which impreſſes awe upon greatneſs, and condemns its poſſeſſors

ſors to the ſociety of thoſe who are wiſe or brave and indigent as themſelves.

GULOSULUS having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation had no opinion in philoſophy or politicks, and was not in danger of injuring his intereſt by dogmatical poſitions or violent contradiction. If a diſpute aroſe, he took care to liſten with earneſt attention, and when either ſpeaker grew vehement and loud turned towards him with eager quickneſs, and uttered a ſhort phraſe of admiration, as if ſurpriſed by ſuch cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this ſilent conceſſion, he generally preſerved in either controvertiſt ſuch a conviction of his own ſuperiority as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adverſary, and prevented thoſe outrages which are ſometimes produced by the rage of defeat or petulance of triumph.

GULOSULUS was never embarraſſed but when he was required to declare his ſentiments before he had been able to diſcover to which ſide the maſter of the houſe in-

clined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of thoſe that invited him.

It ſometimes happens that the inſolence of wealth breaks into contemptuouſneſs, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and *Guloſulus* ſeldom fails of being ſingled out on ſuch emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be ſafely tryed. Sometimes his lordſhip finds himſelf inclined to exhibit a ſpecimen of raillery for the diverſion of his gueſts, and *Guloſulus* always ſupplies him with a ſubject of merriment. But he has learned to conſider rudeneſs and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: He comforts himſelf, that thoſe who treat and inſult him pay for their laughter, and obſerves that he keeps his money, and they enjoy their jeſt.

His chief policy conſiſts in ſelecting ſome diſh from every courſe, and recommending it to the company, with an air ſo deciſive, that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feaſt a kind of dictatorial authority; his taſte becomes the ſtandard of pickles and ſeaſoning, and he is venerated by the profeſſors of epicuriſm, as the only man who underſtands the niceties of cookery.

When-

WHEREVER a new ſauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary ſyſtem, he procures the earlieſt intelligence, and the moſt authentick receipt; and, by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of ſecrecy, gains a right of taſting his own diſh whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully underſtood.

BY this method of life *Guliſulus* has ſo impreſſed on his imagination the dignity of feaſting that he has no other topic of talk, or ſubject of meditation. Others may prate of tropicks and the zodiac, his calendar is a bill of fare; he meaſures the year by ſucceſſive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you aſk him at what time an event happened, he conſiders whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot, or veniſon. He knows, indeed, that thoſe who value themſelves upon ſenſe, learning, or piety, ſpeak of him with contempt; but he conſiders them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happineſs, or wiſh to ſupplant him, and declares to his friends, that he is fully ſatisfied with his own conduct, ſince he has fed every day on twenty diſhes, and yet doubled his eſtate.

NUMB. 207. TUESDAY, *March* 10, 1752.

Solve ſenescentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus. HOR.

SUCH is the emptineſs of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the preſent. Attainment is followed by neglect, and poſſeſſion by diſguſt; and the malicious remark of the *Greek* epigrammatiſt on marriage may be applied to every other courſe of life, that its two days of happineſs are the firſt and the laſt.

FEW moments are more pleaſing than thoſe in which the mind is concerting meaſures for a new undertaking. From the firſt hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progreſs, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original ſcheme, ſuggeſts ſome new expedient to ſecure ſucceſs, or diſcovers conſequential advantages not hitherto foreſeen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elyſian proſpects, and the heart dances to the ſong of hope.

SUCH is the pleaſure of projecting, that many content themſelves with a ſucceſſion of viſionary

visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to shew him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquility and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: Difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity

alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to publick employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: He, whom the necessity of solitary application se-

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cities from the world, [illegible] with a [illegible] heart to its [illegible] noise, [illegible] to [illegible] with living beings, and [illegible], when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous as by long indulgence it becomes ascendent in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud, and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is encreased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves

ſelves ſo deſirous to finiſh, as in the latter part of our work, or ſo impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unſeaſonable importunity of diſcontent may be juſtly imputed to languor and wearineſs, which muſt always oppreſs us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part uſually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that eaſe which we now conſider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot ſuffer to be longer withheld.

The criticks remark, that in ſome of the nobleſt compoſitions of wit the concluſion falls below the vigour and ſpirit of the firſt books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the imputation of human failings, the cauſe of this declenſion is commonly ſought in the ſtructure of the work, and plauſible reaſons are given why in the defective part leſs ornament was neceſſary, or leſs could be admitted. But, perhaps, if the author had been conſulted, he would have confeſſed, that his fancy was tired, and his perſeverance broken; that he knew his deſign to be unfiniſhed, but that, when he ſaw the end ſo near, he could no longer refuſe to be at reſt.

Against

AGAINST the insinuations of this fraudopiate, it is necessary to secure the heart by all the considerations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprise. Whatever motive first incited action, has still greater force to stimulate resolution; since he that might have lain still at first in blameless obscurity, cannot afterwards desist but with infamy and reproach. He, whom a doubtful promise of distant good, could encourage to set difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almost obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter, when only the last efforts are required, is to steer the ship through tempests, and abandon it to the winds in sight of land; it is to break the ground and scatter the seed, and at last to neglect the harvest.

THE masters of rhetorick direct, that the most forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, lest they should be effaced or perplexed by supervenient images. This precept may be justly extended to the series of life: Nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it begun. It is not sufficient to maintain the first vigour; for excellence loses its effect upon the mind by custom, as light after a time ceases to dazzle.

Admiration

Admiration muſt be continued by that novelty which firſt produced it, and how much ſoever is given, there muſt always be reaſon to imagine that more remains.

We not only are naturally moſt ſenſible of the laſt impreſſions, but ſuch is the unwillingneſs of mankind to admit ſupereminent and tranſcendent merit, that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of faults or miſcarriages by any ſubſequent atchievement, however illuſtrious, or any courſe of virtue, however uniform, yet the reputation, which a long courſe of ſucceſs has contributed to raiſe, may be finally ruined by a ſingle failure, for weakneſs or error will be always remembered by that malice vanity and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that diſgrace, which laſſitude and negligence may bring at laſt upon the greateſt performances, it is neceſſary to proportion carefully our labour to our ſtrength. If the deſign conſiſts of many parts, equally eſſential, and therefore not to be ſeparated, the only time for caution is before we engage; we muſt then impartially eſtimate our powers, and remember, that not to complete our plan, is not to have begun it; and, that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But

But if the talk consists in the repetition of single acts, no one of which derives its efficacy from the rest, it may be attempted with less scruple, because there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only lest we may expect from the world the indulgence with which most are disposed to treat themselves, and, in the hour of listlessness imagine that the diligence of one day will attone for the idleness of another, and that applause begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himself weary, will soon weary the public. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately crowd the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.

NUMB. 208. SATURDAY, *Mar.* 14, 1752.

Πράκτωρος ἐγώ· τί με ὦ κάτω ἵλκετ' ἄμυσοι;
Οὐχ' ὑμῶν ἐπένων, τοῖς δέ μ' ἐπισταμένοις.
Εἷς ἐμὸν ἄνθρωπος τρισμύριοι· οἱ δ' ἀνάριθμοι
Οὐδεὶς τῶυτ' αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ.

DIOG. LAERT.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labours of the RAMBLER. Having supported for two years the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my essays to six volumes, I have now determined to desist.

THE reasons of this resolution it is of little importance to declare, since justification is unnecessary when no objection is made. I am far from supposing, that the cessation of my performances will raise any inquiry, for I have never been much a favourite of the publick, nor can boast that, in the progress of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent.

I HAVE however no intention to gratify pride by submission, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect from

from thoſe whoſe regard I never ſolicited. If I have not been diſtinguiſhed by the diſtributers of literary honours, I have ſeldom deſcended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have ſeen the meteors of faſhion riſe and fall, without any attempt to add a moment to their duration; I have never complied with temporary curioſity, nor enabled my readers to diſcuſs the topic of the day; I have rarely exemplified my aſſertions by living characters, ſo that in my papers no man could look either for cenſures of his enemies, or praiſes of himſelf, and they only were expected to peruſe them, whoſe paſſions left them leiſure for the contemplation of abſtracted truth, and whom virtue could pleaſe by her native dignity.

To ſome, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for aſſiſtance; the number of my friends was never great, but they have been ſuch as would not ſuffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I therefore felt little dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgements may be ſoon diſpatched. I can reſtore to all my correſpondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk

of

of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

THE parts from which I claim no other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers, and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

HAVING thus deprived myself of many excuses which candor might have admitted for the inequality of my compositions, being no longer able to allege the necessity of gratifying correspondents, the importunity with which publication was solicited, or obstinacy with which correction was rejected, I must remain accountable for all my faults, and submit without subterfuge to the censures of criticism, which, however, I shall not endeavour to elude by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and, though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not

not at last victime it by the confession of terrors which I do not feel: Having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication.

THE seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which a nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. "A "mask," says *Castiglione*, "confers a right of "acting and speaking with less restraint, even "when the wearer happens to be known." He that is discovered without his own consent, may claim some indulgence, and cannot be rigorously called to justify those sallies or frolicks which his disguise may prove him desirous to conceal.

BUT I have been cautious lest this offence should be frequently or grossly committed; for as one of the philosophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is sometime to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write, if he expected to be hereafter known.

I AM willing to flatter my self with hopes, that, by collecting these papers, I am not preparing

gaining for my future life either shame or repentance. That all are happily imagined, or accurately polished, that the same sentiments will not sometimes return, or the same expressions be too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to promise. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory overwhelmed, an imagination embarrassed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: He will sometimes labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; and sometimes, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

WHATEVER shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something perhaps I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms

of

of philoſophy by applying them to known objects and popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the Engliſh tongue in its preſent extent, will be able to expreſs his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal deſign to inculcate wiſdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle ſports of imagination; and though ſome, perhaps, may be found, of which the higheſt excellence is harmleſs merriment, yet ſcarcely any man is ſo ſteadily ſerious, as not rather to complain, that the ſeverity of dictatorial inſtruction is too ſeldom relieved, and that he has been often driven by the ſternneſs of my philoſophy to more chearful and airy companions.

Next to the excurſions of fancy are the diſquiſitions of criticiſm, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the ſubordinate and inſtrumental arts. Arbitrary deciſion and general exclamation I have carefully avoided by aſſerting nothing without a reaſon, and eſtabliſhing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been ſo ſtudious of novelty or ſurprize, as to depart wholly

wholly from all resemblance; a fault which writers deservedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raise, as the occasion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and some exaggeration to burlesque; but as they deviate further from reality they become less useful, because their lessons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himself no likeness to the phantom before him, and though he laughs or rages is not reformed.

The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment; I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers, who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή.

FINIS.

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MOTTOS

MOTTOS AND QUOTATIONS IN THE FIRST VOLUME TRANSLATED.

GENERAL MOTTO.

Sworn to no master's arbitrary sway,
I range where-e'er occasion points the way.

EDINBURGH EDITION.

NUMB.

1 Why to expatiate in this hoarse field,
Why arms, oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
If time permit, and candour will attend,
Some satisfaction this essay may lend.

EDINB. EDIT.

The battle joins, and, in a moment's fight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.

FRANCIS.

2 Th' impatient crowder pants in ev'ry vein,
And pressing forms to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crush'd,
And, e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

POPE.

Is fame your passion? Wisdom's pow'rful charm,
If thrice read over, shall its sweet allarm,

FRANCIS.

* *The translations that are taken from the* Edinburgh Edition, *are done by the ingenious Mr.* James Elphinstone *of* Edinburgh.

NUMB.

Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.

EDINB. EDIT.

3 Undisappointed in designs,
With native honours virtue shines;
Nor takes up pow'r, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles smile or frown.

EDINB. EDIT.

4 And join both profit and delight in one.

CREECH.

5 Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green;
Now genial nature's fairest face is seen.

EDINB. EDIT.

6 Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In quest of happiness, which dwells at home:
With vain pursuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind.

EDINB. EDIT.

Unless the soul, to vice a thrall,
Desert her own original.

7 O Thou whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original and end.

8 For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault.

CREECH.

Amid the storms of war, with curious eyes
I trace the planets and survey the skies.

9 Chuse

NUMB.

9 Chuse what you are; no other state prefer.

EDINB. EDIT.

10 For trifling sports I quitted grave affairs.

11 Yet O! remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor *Pythian Phœbus* from his inmost shrine,
Nor *Dindymene*, nor her priests possest,
Can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast,
Like furious anger.

FRANCIS.

12 Unlike the ribald whose licentious jest,
Pollutes his banquet and insults his guest;
From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,
Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend:
We round thy board the cheerful menials see,
Gay with the smile of bland equality;
No social care the gracious lord disdains;
Love prompts to love, and rev'rence rev'rence gains.

13 And let not wine or anger wrest
Th' intrusted secret from your breast.

FRANCIS.

14 Sure such a various creature ne'er was known.

FRANCIS.

15 What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown?

DRYDEN.

16 Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

DRYDEN.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way.

DRYDEN.

17. Let

NUMB.

17 Let thoſe much minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My ſint, my certain ſoul from doubt has freed.

ROWE.

And ſeeing mocks the broken frame below.

18 Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
Nil wife high-portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her offenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim,
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame,
Which dares not break the nuptial tie.

FRANCIS.

19 To rhetoric now, and now to law inclin'd,
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind;
Old Reinn's age or Neſtor's may be out,
And thou, O *Taurus*, ſtill go on in doubt.
Come then, how long ſuch wav'ring ſhall we ſee?
Thou may'ſt doubt on: thou now can'ſt nothing be.

F. LEWIS.

20 Such pageantry be to the people ſhown;
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow centre, to thy utmoſt ſkin.

DRYDEN.

21 Our bane and phyſic the ſame earth beſtows,
And near the noiſome nettle blooms the roſe.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die. ADDISON.

22 Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And without learning genius ſinks again:
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.

EDINB. EDIT.

23. Three

NUMB.

23 Three guests I have, dissenting at my feast,
Requiring cools to gratify his taste
With different food. FRANCIS.

24 None, none descends into himself. DRYDEN.

25 For they can conquer who believe they can.
DRYDEN.

26 Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high house of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly: contract thy ample sails,
And near the shore improve the gentle gales.
EDIN. EDIT.

27 So he, who poverty with horror views,
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply sold)
Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.
FRANCIS.

28 To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flatt'ring his senseless pride,
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go. COWLEY.

29 But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.
DRYDEN.

30 Whene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial suns more radiant shine,
The day more glad appears. EDINB. EDIT.

31. Corrupted

NUMB.

31 Corrupted manners I shall ne'er defend,
Nor, falsely witty, for my faults contend.
EDINB. EDIT.

32 Of all the woes that load the mortal state,
Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate;
But ease it as thou can'st——— EDIN. EDIT.

Let pain deserv'd without complaint be borne.

33 Alternate rest and labour long endure.

34 Alarm'd with ev'ry rising gale,
In ev'ry wood, in ev'ry vale. EDIN. EDIT.

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MOTTOS

AND

QUOTATIONS

IN THE

SECOND VOLUME

TRANSLATED.

NUMB.

35 Without connubial *Juno*'s aid they wed;
Nor *Hymen* nor the *Graces* bless the bed.
EDINB. EDIT.

36 —Piping on their reeds, the shepherds go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. POPE.

37 Such strains I sing as once *Amphion* play'd,
When list'ning flocks the pow'rful call obey'd.
EDINB. EDIT.

I know thee, love, in deserts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of savage tygers fed:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains. DRYDEN.

38 The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell;
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state. FRANCIS.

39 Unblest, still doom'd to wed with misery.

NUMB.

40 Nor say, for trifles why should I displease
The man I love? For trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove. FRANCIS.

41 No day's remembrance shall the good regret,
Nor wish one bitter moment to forget;
They stretch the limits of this narrow span,
And, by enjoying, live past life again. F. LEWIS.

Be fair or foul or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.
DRYDEN.

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.
CREECH.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here, suff'ring age, a blest provision find.
EDINB. EDIT.

42 How heavily my time revolves along!
EDINB. EDIT.

43 In course impetuous soon the torrent dries,
The brook a constant peaceful stream supplies.
F. LEWIS.

44 ——— Dreams descend from *Jove*. POPE.

45 This is the chief felicity of life,
That concord smile on the connubial bed;
But now 'tis hatred all ———

46 Nought from my birth or ancestors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my shame.

47 These

NUMB.

47 These proceedings have afforded me some comfort in my distress; notwithstanding which, I am still dispirited, and unhinged by the same motives of humanity, that induced me to grant such indulgences. However, I by no means wish to become less susceptible of tenderness. I know these kind of misfortunes would be estimated by other persons only as common losses, and from such sensations they would conceive themselves great and wise men. I shall not determine either their greatness or their wisdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel sorrow, at the same time, that he is to resist it, and to admit of comfort.

Earl of ORRERY.

'Tis long e'er time can mitigate your grief;
'To wisdom fly, she quickly brings relief. F. LEWIS.

48 For life is not to live, but to be well. EDINB. EDIT.

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In quest of wealth who throw their lives away.

49 Whole *Horace* shall not die; his songs shall save
The greatest portion from the greedy grave. CREECH.

50 And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both must have died, tho' richer skins they wore,
And saw more heaps of acorns in their store.

CREECH.

You've had your share of mirth, of meat and drink:
'Tis time to quit the scene—'tis time to think.

EDINB. EDIT.

51 How foolish is the toil of trifling cares!

EDINB. EDIT.

52 How

NUMB.

52 How oft in vain, the sort of *Erasmus* said,
Thy stormy fortune be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh other's wars, and learn to bear thy own.

CATCOTT.

53 Husband thy possessions.

54 Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies. FRANCIS.

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could subside
And love return, has great *Erasmus* died?

55 Now near to death that comes but slow,
Now thou art stepping down below;
Sport not amongst the blooming maids,
But think on ghosts and empty shades:
What suits with *Pholoe* in her bloom,
Gray *Chloris* will not thus become;
A bed is different from a tomb.

CREECH.

56 Farewell the stage; for humbly I disclaim
Such fond pursuits of pleasure, or of fame,
If I must sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied. FRANCIS.

57 The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

58 But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd;
There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.

FRANCIS.

59 Complaining oft, gives respite to our grief;
From hence the wretched *Progne* sought relief;

Hence

NUMB.

Hence the *Faustian* chief his fate deplores,
And vents his sorrow to the *Lemnian* shores;
In vain by secrecy we woo'd assuage
Our cares; conceal'd they gather tenfold rage.
F. LEWIS.

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
DRYDEN.

60 Whose works the beautiful and base containing
Of vice and virtue most instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools. FRANCIS.

61 False praise can charm, unreal shame controul—
Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul? FRANCIS

62 Now would I mount his car, whose hesitant hand
First sow'd with teeming seed the furrow'd land:
Now to *Madan*'s dragons fix my reins,
That swiftly bore her from *Corinthian* plains;
Now on *Dædalian* wanen pinions stray,
Or those which wafted *Perseus* on his way. F. LEWIS.

63 Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain
At morn, of kings and governors he prates:
At night — "A frugal table, O ye fates,
"A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
"And clothes, though coarse, to keep me from
"the cold." FRANCIS.

64 To live in friendship, is to have the same desires and the same averseons.

65 The chearful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counsel in a tale.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

NUMB.

66 ——————————— How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue?
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears?
DRYDEN.

67 Exiles, the proverb ſays, ſubſiſt on hope:
Deluſive hope ſtill points to diſtant good,
To good that mocks approach.

68 Let us live well: were it alone for this,
The baneful tongues of ſervants to diſpiſe:
Slander, that worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance to ignoble minds. HARVEY.

69 The dreadful wrinkles when poor *Helen* ſpy'd,
Ah! why this ſecond rape?—with tears ſhe cry'd.
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all deſtroy with keen corroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or pleaſe,
Muſt fade, conſum'd by ſwift or ſlow degrees.
EDINB. EDIT.

70 Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold. DRYDEN.

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NUMB.

71 True, sir, to live I haste, your pardon give,
For tell me, who makes haste enough to live?
F. LEWIS.

Soon fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

72 Yet *Aristippus* ev'ry dress became;
In ev'ry various change of life the same:
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind. FRANCIS.

73 Why thinks the fool with childish hope to see
What neither is, nor was, nor ever shall be.
EDINB. EDIT.

74 For nought tormented, [illegible] torments.
EDINB. EDIT.

75 When smiling fortune [illegible],
All crowd around [illegible];
But when she thunders [illegible],
Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers fly.
Miss A. W.

76 While many error draws mankind astray
From truth's sure path, each takes his devious way:
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded, as each fancy leads. EDINB. EDIT.

77 A golden statue such a wit might claim,
Had God and virtue rais'd the noble flame;
But ah! how lewd a subject has he sung,
What vile obscenity profanes his tongue. F. LEWIS.

NUMB.

78 Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
The mighty ſoul how ſmall a body holds. DRYDEN.

79 You wonder I've ſo little wit,
Friend John, ſo often to be bit,—
None better guard againſt a cheat
Than he who is a knave compleat. F. LEWIS.

80 Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below. DRYDEN.

81 Hear, and be juſt.

82 Who buys without diſcretion, buys to ſell.

83 All uſeleſs ſcience is an empty boaſt.

——————— Whoſe tables,
Inſatiate rots in the ſweet repaſts;
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends.
POPE.

84 You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, ſtill tending at my ſide:
But now, dear ſir, my beard is grown,
Still I'm a child to you alone.
Our ſteward, butler, cook and all
You fright, nay e'en the very walk;
You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
And ſcarce will lay the rod aſide. F. LEWIS.

85 At buſy hearts in vain love's arrows fly;
Dim, ſcorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

He that's unſkilful will not toſs a ball,
Nor run, nor wreſtle, for he fears the fall;
He juſtly ſhuns to meet deſerv'd diſgrace,
And that the *ring* will hiſs the baffled aſs.
CREECH.

86 By fingers, or by ear, we numbers ſcan.
EDINB. EDIT.

87 The ſlave to envy, anger, wine or love,
The wretch of ſloth, its excellence ſhall prove:
Fierceneſs itſelf ſhall hear its rage away,
When liſt'ning calmly to th' inſtructive lay.
FRANCIS.

New

NUMB.

New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
DRYDEN.

88 But he that hath a curious piece design'd,
When he begins must take a censor's mind,
Severe and honest; and what works appear
Too light and trivial, or too weak to bear
The weighty sense, nor worth the reader's care,
Shake off; tho' stubborn, they are loth to move,
And tho' we fancy, dearly tho' we love. CREECH.

89 Wisdom at proper times is well forgot.

90 What toil in slender things!

91 To court the great ones, and to sooth their pride,
Seems a sweet task to those that never tried;
But those that have, know well that danger's near.
CREECH.

92 Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatning murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet sounds the charge of death. FRANCIS.

Mean time the *Cyclop*, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round.
POPE.

So oft the surge, in watry mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy soil.
POPE.

——————— His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
POPE.

Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield.
POPE.

'Tis not enough his verses to compleat,
In measure, number, or determin'd fact.
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense;

The

NEMO.

The correspondent words exactly frame,
The dark, the fortune, and the mien the same.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And *Venus* breathes on ev'ry limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth members shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear
Rude to the eye and frightful to the ear.
Lo! when the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around;
Beneath the lab'ring oars the waves resound;
The prows wide-eechoing thro' the dark profound:
To the loud call each distant rock replies;
Tost by the storm the tow'ring surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the deep.
But when blue *Neptune* from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas;
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And the pitch'd vessel o'er the surface glides.
When things are small, the terms should still be so;
For low words please us, when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vast in ev'ry limb,
Stalks tow'ring on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move.
When each stiff clod beneath the pond'rous plough
Crumbles and breaks, th' encumber'd lines must flow.
Nor less, when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails.
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away,

And

HUME.

And when the viper blows from the brake,
Be quick; with stones, and bounds, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.
When night descends, or sun'd by man's rose strokes,
And groaning, to the earth drags the vast ox;
The line too hinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush the roarings of the sea to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stop'd in the midst—and with the silent main
Pause for a space—at last it glides again.
When *Priam* strains his aged arms, to throw
His unavailing jav'lin at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and ov'ry nerve unstrung)
Then with the theme complies the awful song;
Like him, the solitary numbers flow,
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young *Pyrrhus*, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course.
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courser to the speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed:
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the plain.

PITT.

93 More safely truth to urge her claim presumes,
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

94 Perpetual magistrate is he,
Who keeps strict justice full in sight;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays. FRANCIS.

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound. POPE.

The *Trojan* chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;

And

NUMB.

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face.

DRYDEN.

Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing. POPE.

Mean time the rapid heav'ns rowl'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night.

DRYDEN.

Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound;
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.

DRYDEN.

The mountains labour, and a mouse is born.

ROSCOMMON.

95 A fugitive from heav'n and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep scienc'd in the many lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plow
To that blest harbour, which I left before.

FRANCIS.

96 Truth in platonic ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

97 Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er *Rome* and o'er the nations spread. FRANCIS.

98 Which not *Sarmentus* brook'd at *Cæsar*'s board,
Nor grov'ling *Gabba* from his haughty lord.

EDINB. EDIT.

99 Congenial passions souls together bind,
And ev'ry calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
The mariner with him that roves the main.

F. LEWIS.

100 *Horace*, with sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate passes, when he smil'd.

DRYDEN.

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MOTTOS

MOTTOS AND QUOTATIONS IN THE FOURTH VOLUME TRANSLATED.

NUMB.

101 Alas! dear Sir, you try in vain,
Impoſſibilities to gain;
No bee from *Corſica*'s rank juice,
Hyblæan honey can produce. F. LEWIS.

102 With conſtant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can ſtem by art, or ſtop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour;
But wave by wave purſu'd arrives on ſhore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we deſcry;
So minutes follow, and ſo minutes fly.
EDINB. EDIT.

103 They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know. DRYDEN.

104 None e're rejects hyperbolies of praiſe.

105 Vain man runs headlong, to caprice reſign'd;
Impell'd by paſſion, and with folly blind.

NUMB.

106 Time obliterates the fictions of opinion, and confirms the decifions of nature.

Inſulting chance ne'er call'd with louder voice,
On ſwelling mortals to be proud no more.

107 On themes alternate now the ſwains recite:
The muſes in alternate themes delight.
EDINB. EDIT.

108 Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtop'd him, ſhould be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.
COWLEY.

209 Grateful the gift! a member to the ſtate,
If you that member uſeful ſhall create;
Train'd both to war, and when the war ſhall ceaſe,
As fond, as fit t'improve the arts of peace.
For much it boots which way you train your boy,
The hopeful object of your future joy.
EDINB. EDIT.

120 We thro' this maze of life one lord obey;
Whoſe light and grace unerring, lead the way.
By hope and faith ſecure of future bliſs,
Gladly the joys of preſent life we miſs:
For baffled mortals ſtill attempt in vain,
Preſent and future bliſs at once to gain. F. LEWIS.

111 Diſaſter always waits an early wit.

112 Of ſtrength pernicious to myſelf I boaſt;
The pow'rs I have were giv'n me to my coſt.
F. LEWIS.

NUMB.

113 A ſober man like thee to change his life!
What fury wou'd poſſeſs thee with a wife?
DRYDEN.

114 ——————When man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate. DRYDEN.

115 Some faults, tho' ſmall, intolerable grow.
DRYDEN.

116 Thus the ſlow ox wou'd gaudy trappings claim;
The ſprightly horſe wou'd plough ——
FRANCIS.

117 The gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies:
Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Oſſa* ſtood;
On *Oſſa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood. POPE.

How ſweet in ſleep to paſs the careleſs hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and daſhing ſhow'rs!

——'Tis ſweet thy lab'ring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.
DRYDEN.

The cauſe is ſecret, but th'effect is known.
ADDISON.

118 In endleſs night thy ſleep, unwept, unknown.
FRANCIS.

119 Faults lay on either ſide the *Trojan* tow'rs.
EDINB. EDIT.

120 True virtue can the croud unteach
Their falſe miſtaken forms of ſpeech;
Virtue,

NUMB.

Virtue, to crouds a foe profeſt,
Diſdains to number with the bleſt
Phraates, by his ſlaves ador'd,
And to the *Parthian* crown reſtor'd. FRANCIS.

121 Away, ye imitators, ſervile herd!
EDINB. EDIT.

122 By ſecret charms our native land attracts.

123 What ſeaſon'd firſt the veſſel, keeps the taſte.
CREECH.

124 To range in ſilence thro' each healthful wood,
And muſe what's worthy of the wiſe and good.
EDINB. EDIT.

125 But if, through weakneſs, or my want of art,
I can't to every different ſtyle impart
The proper ſtrokes and colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?
FRANCIS.

126 Sands form the mountain, moments make the year.
YOUNG.

127 Succeeding years thy early fame deſtroy;
Thou, who began'ſt a man, wilt end a boy.

128 For not the brave, or wiſe, or great,
E'er yet had happineſs compleat;
Nor *Ilcus*, grandſon of the ſky,
Nor *Cadmus*, ſcap'd the ſhafts of pain,
Though favour'd by the pow'rs on high,
With ev'ry bliſs that man can gain.

129 Now *Dædalus*, behold, by fate aſſign'd,
A taſk proportion'd to thy mighty mind!

Uncon-

NUMB.

Unconquer'd bars on earth and ſea withſtand;
Thine, *Mind*, is the main, and thine the land.
The ſkies are open—let us try the ſkies:
Forgive, great *Jove*, the daring enterprize.

130 Not faſter in the ſummer's ray
The ſpring's frail beauty fades away,
Than anguiſh and decay conſume
The ſmiling virgin's roſy bloom.
Some beauty's ſnatch'd each day, each hour;
For beauty is a fleeting flow'r:
Than how can wiſdom e'er confide
In beauty's momentary pride?

EDIN. EDIT.

131 Still follow where auſpicious fates invite;
Careſs the happy, and the wretched ſlight.
Sooner ſhall jarring elements unite,
Than truth with gain, than intereſt with right.

F. LEWIS.

132 The mind of mortals, in perverſeneſs ſtrong,
Imbibes with dire docility the wrong.

133 Let Stoics ethic's haughty rules advance,
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance:
Yet happy thoſe, tho' not ſo learn'd, are thought,
Whom life inſtructs, who by experience taught,
For new to come from paſt misfortunes look,
Nor ſhake the yoke, which galls the more 'tis ſhook.

CREECH.

134 Who knows if Heav'n, with ever-bounteous pow'r,
Shall add to-morrow to the preſent hour?

FRANCIS.

135 Place may be chang'd; but who can change his mind?

136 Who

NUMB.

136 Who does think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of *Hell*.

POPE.

Thus much I will indulge thee for thy eaſe,
And mingle ſomething of our times to pleaſe.

DRYDEN jun.

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MOTTOS

MOTTOS AND QUOTATIONS IN THE FIFTH VOLUME TRANSLATED.

NUMB.

137 ——Whilſt fools one vice condemn,
They run into the oppoſite extream. CREECH.

138 With me retire and leave the pomp of courts
For humble cottages and rural ſports.

139 Let ev'ry piece be ſimple and be one.

140 What doating bigot to his faults ſo blind,
As not to grant me this, can *Milton* find?

141 Greatneſs with eaſe, and gay ſeverity.

142 A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſol tary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature or in face. POPE.

143 Leſt when the birds their various colours claim,
Stripp'd of his ſtolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should ſtand the laughter of the public ſcorn.
FRANCIS.

To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free:
Theſe are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
DRYDEN.

Let *Caeſar* ſpread his conqueſts far,
Leſs pleas'd to triumph than to ſpare.

NUMB.

Unleſs the *Iliad* had been publiſhed, his name had been loſt in the tomb that covered his body.

Before great *Agamemnon* reign'd.
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whoſe huge ambition's now contain'd
In the ſmall compaſs of a grave:
In endleſs night they ſleep, unwept, unknown;
No bard had they to make all time their own.
FRANCIS.

Why in ſo ſmall a circuit of life ſhould we employ ourſelves in ſo many fatigues?

Why do we aim with eager ſtrife
At things beyond the mark of life? FRANCIS.

The pow'rs of vengeance while they hear,
Touch'd with compaſſion, drop a tear;
Ixion's rapid wheel is bound,
Fix'd in attention to the ſound. F. LEWIS.

Subdu'd at length, *Hell*'s pitying monarch cry'd,
The ſong rewarding, let us yield the bride.
F. LEWIS.

Nor yet the golden verge of day begun,
When *Orpheus*, her unhappy lord,
Eurydice, to life reſtor'd,
At once beheld, and loſt, and was undone.
F. LEWIS.

Quit, quit this barren trade, my father cry'd;
Ev n *Homer* left no riches when he dy'd ——
In verſe ſpontaneous flow'd my native ſtrain,
Forc'd by no ſweat or labour of the brain.
F. LEWIS.

The age's miracle, his father's joy!
Nor old you wou'd pronounce him, nor a boy.
F. LEWIS.

144 The bow of *Daphnis* and the ſhafts you broke;
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpight.
DRYDEN.

145 What though the muſe her *Homer* thrones
High above all th' immortal quire;
Nor *Pindar*'s rapture ſhe diſowns,
Nor hides the plaintive *Cæan* lyre:

Alcæus

NUMB.

Afcanius ſtrikes the tyrant's ſoul with dread,
Nor yet is grave *Euſebius* unarm'd. FRANCIS.

146 'Tis poſſible that one or two
These fooleries of mine may view;
But then the bettings muſt be o'er,
Nor *Crab* or *Childers* talk'd of more. F. LEWIS.

147 ——You are of too quick a ſight,
Not to diſcern which way your talent lies.
ROSCOMMON.

148 Me let my father load with chains,
Or baniſh to *Numidia*'s fartheſt plains;
My crime, that I a loyal wife,
In kind compaſſion ſpar'd my huſband's life.
FRANCIS.

149 You wonder now that no man ſees
Such friends as thoſe of ancient *Greece*.
Here lay the point—*Oreſtes*' meat
Was juſt the ſame his friend did eat.
Nor can it yet be found, his wine
Was better, *Pylades*, than thine.
In home-ſpun ruſſet I am dreſt,
Your cloth is always of the beſt.
But honeſt *Marcus*, if you pleaſe
To chooſe me for your *Pylades*,
Remember, words alone are vain;
Love—if you wou'd be lov'd again. F. LEWIS.

150 ——Thou chiefeſt good;
Beſtow'd by Heav'n, but ſeldom underſtood.
ROWE.

Led by our ſtars, what tracts immenſe we trace!
From ſeas remote, what funds of ſcience raiſe!
A pain to thought! but when th' heroic band
Returns applauded to their native land,
A life domeſtic you will then deplore,
And ſigh, while I deſcribe the various ſhore.
E. C.

151 But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliſs is ever inſecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the preſent ſhall endure?
WEST.

152 Diſaſtrous

NUMB.

152 Diſaſtrous words can beſt diſaſter ſhow;
In angry phraſe the angry paſſions glow.
EDINB. EDIT.

153 The fickle crowd with fortune comes and goes;
Wealth ſtill finds followers, and misfortune foes.

154 For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſcloſ'd in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring.
DRYDEN.

155 —— Our barren years are paſt;
Be this of life the firſt, of ſloth the laſt.
EDINB. EDIT.

The gates of *Hell* are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But, to return, and view the chearful ſkies;
In this, the taſk and mighty labour lies.
DRYDEN.

156 For wiſdom ever echoes nature's voice.

157 Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.
EDINB. EDIT.

158 —— —— Critics yet contend,
And of their vain diſputings find no end.
FRANCIS.

But from a cloud of ſmoke he breaks to light,
And pours his ſpecious miracles to ſight;
Antiphates his hideous feaſt devours,
Charybdis barks, and *Polyphemus* roars.
FRANCIS.

The man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, O muſe! reſound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred *Troy*, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,
Wand'ring from clime to clime, obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd.
On ſtormy ſeas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day;
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah men unbleſs'd) to touch that natal ſhore.
O ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from fate,
Celeſtial muſe! and to our world relate. POPE.

159 The

NOTE.

159 The pow'r of words, and ſoothing ſounds appeaſe
The raging pain, and leſſen the diſeaſe. FRANCIS.

160 Beaſts of each kind their fellows ſpare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

161 Frail as the leaves that quiver on the ſprays,
Like them man flouriſhes, like them decays.

How ſmall to others, but how great to me!
This habitant th' aerial regions boaſt.

162 What old, and rich, and childleſs too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps to thoſe belong
To thoſe who lov'd you poor and young;
But truſt me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly----in your grave.
F. LEWIS.

163 Bow to no patron's inſolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die.
F. LEWIS.

164 *Gaurus* pretends to *Cato*'s fame;
And proves, by *Cato*'s vice, his claim.

165 Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder caſe than mine was never told:
Bleſt with the pow'r to uſe them----I had none;
Loaded with *riches* now, the pow'r is gone.
F. LEWIS.

166. Once poor, my friend, ſtill poor you muſt remain,
The rich alone have all the means of gain. E. C.

167 Their nuptial bed may ſmiling concord dreſs,
And *Venus* ſtill the happy union bleſs!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.
F. LEWIS.

168 The tinſel glitter, and the ſpecious mein,
Delude the moſt; few pry behind the ſcene.

None dares with impious ſteel the grove to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend.

169 No blood from bitten nails, thoſe poems drew;
But churn'd, like ſpittle from the lips they flew.
DRYDEN.

Poliſh'd with endleſs toil, my lays
At length aſpire to *Mantuan* praiſe.

NUMB.

270 I grant the charge; forgive the fault confess'd.

272 Dark is the sun, and loathsome is the day.

272 *Priscus*, you've often ask'd me how I'd live,
Shou'd fate at once both wealth and honour give.
What fool his future conduct can foresee?
Tell me what part of lion you wou'd be?

F. LEWIS.

Thou hast not known the giddy whirls of fate,
Nor servile flatteries which enchant the great.

Miss A. W.

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MOTTOS AND QUOTATIONS IN THE SIXTH VOLUME TRANSLATED.

NUMB.

173 Now ſay, where virtue ſtops and vice begins?

174 Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beaſt:
If he may have his jeſt, he never cares
At whoſe expence; nor friend, nor patron ſpares.
FRANCIS.

175 Good men are ſcarce, the juſt are thinly ſown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhould we count them, and our ſtore compile;
Yet *Thebes* more gates could ſhew, more mouths the *Nile*.
CREECH.

176 On me you turn the noſe——

177 Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of ſerious conſequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
ROSCOMMON.

178 To yield to remedies is half the cure.

179 *Democritus* would ſhake his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake.
DRYDEN.

180 On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the ſchools their atoms and their void.

181 Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependant on the future hour.
FRANCIS.

NUMB.

182 The luſt of wealth can never bear delay.

183 No faith of partnerſhip dominion owns;
Still diſcord hovers o'er divided thrones.

184 Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want.
DRYDEN.

185 *But O! revenge is ſweet.*
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire and kindle into rage.
Not ſo mild *Thales*, nor *Chryſippus* thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind ſerene; and could not wiſh to ſee
His vile accuſer drink as deep as he:
Exalted *Socrates!* divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which ſtill we find
The weakeſt frailty of a feeble mind.
DRYDEN.

186 Place me, where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils;
The nymph, who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.
FRANCIS.

187 Love alters not for us his hard decrees;
Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliſs of temperate ſkies forego,
And in mid winter tread *Sithonian* ſnow:
Love conquers all.———
DRYDEN.

188 The more I honour thee, the leſs I love.

189 Reſounding plaudits tho' the croud have rung;
Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue.
F. LEWIS.

190 *Henry* and *Alfred*———
Cloſ'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind.
POPE.

191 The youth———
Yielding like wax, th' impreſſive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and ſlow to future cares.
FRANCIS.

192

NUMB.

192 In vain the nobleſt birth would prove,
Nor worth nor wit avail in love;
'Tis gold alone ſucceeds—by gold
The venal ſex is bought and ſold.
Accurs'd be he who firſt of yore
Diſcover'd the pernicious ore!
This ſets a brother's heart on fire,
And arms the ſon againſt the ſire;
And what, alas! is worſe than all,
To this the lover owes his fall. F. LEWIS.

193 Or art thou vain? Books yield a certain ſpell,
To ſtop thy tumour; you ſhall ceaſe to ſwell
When you have read them thrice, and ſtudied well.
CREECH.

194 If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice,
And ſhakes in hanging ſleeves the little box and dice.
J. DRYDEN, jun.

195 Nor knows our youth, of nobleſt race,
To mount the manag'd ſteed, or urge the chace:
More ſtill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice.
FRANCIS.

196 The bleſſings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreaſing glide.
FRANCIS.

197 Say, to what vulture's ſhare this careaſe falls?
F. LEWIS.

198 You've told me, *Maro*, whilſt you live
You'd not a ſingle penny give,
But that whene'er you chanc'd to die,
You'd leave a handſome legacy;
You muſt be mad beyond redreſs,
If my next wiſh you cannot gueſs.
F. LEWIS.

199 Obſcure, unpriz'd, and dark, the magnet lies,
Nor lures the ſearch of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor ſparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.

But

NUMB.

But ſearch the wonders of the duſky ſtone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of ſtate,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

200 No man expects (for who ſo much a ſot,
Who has the times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piſo* us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or to ſupport a ſinking friend.
Thoſe godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well-plac'd preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their titles, all that height of pow'r,
Which turns the brains of fools, and fools alone adore.
When your poor client is condemn'd t'attend,
'Tis all we aſk, receive him as a friend:
Deſcend to this, and then we aſk no more;
Rich to yourſelf, to all beſide be poor.

BOWLES.

201 Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me.

STEPNEY.

202 From no affliction is the poor exempt;
He thinks each eye ſurveys him with contempt.
Unmanly poverty ſubdues the heart,
Cankers each wound, and ſharpens ev'ry dart.

F LEWIS.

203 Come, ſoon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay.

WELSTED.

204 Of heav'n's protection who can be
So confident to utter this— ?
To-morrow I will ſpend in bliſs.

F. LEWIS.

205 On fickle wings the minutes haſte,
And fortune's favours never laſt.

F. LEWIS.

206 But harden'd by affronts, and ſtill the ſame,
Loſt to all ſenſe of honour and of fame,
Thou yet can'ſt love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no ſupper good but with a lord.

BOWLES.

207 The voice of reaſon cries with winning force,
Looſe from the rapid car your aged horſe,

Leſt

NUMB.

Left, in the race derided, left behind,
He drag his jaded limbs and burst his wind.

FRANCIS.

Be gone ye blockheads, *Heraclitus* cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise,
By wit, by knowledge, studious to be read,
I scorn the multitude, alive and dead.

Celestial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their last reward.

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